THE LIVING AGE.

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A FARMER'S FIELDS.

On the hill-slope in the sun
There his fields lie; every one
Glows a jewel, where evening light
Stays its flight from dusk begun.

O'er them curved a crested height
Rims the east whence dawns the night;
High they climb this passing day's
Long clear rays to front aright.

By her door she stands at gaze,
Strange looks bent on olden ways,
In a silence newly grown
Waits alone while dark delays.

All their chequered ploughed-and-sown,
Spiny furze-bush, briery stone,
Through their changing brown and green,
Sliken sheen, and blossom strown.

Under shine and shadow seen,
Joy to her and care have been:
Now they seem a cloud-veiled shore
With the roar of waves between.

"Many a time he'd look them o'er,
Late and early, from this door;
Many a time, heart-vexed and crossed,
See storm-tossed his little store.

"Aye," she says, "to bitter cost
Came against him blight and frost,
Rain and drought, and all the rest:
Try his best, 'twas labor lost.

"Oft-times ruffled like the breast
Of a kestrel-struck woodquest
Lay his feathery oats, for so
Wild 'twill blow from yonder west.

"Or a sea-fog, drifted low,
Left the 'taties row by row
Blackened; for one creel he'd fill,
Half a drill away he'd throw.

"Sure hard task he had to till
Just the bare side of the hill,
Let alone with wind and wet
On him set by the Lord's will.

"Still, proud man he was, if yet,
God be praised, good luck he met:
When his oats were fit to reap,
Scarce he'd sleep till out he'd get."

While she watches, o'er the steep
Dim white mists float down and creep;
From each field that shimmering lies
Brightness dies, as on they sweep.

These may lift 'neath dawn-flushed skies.
Mists that from the farmer's eyes
Hid his bit of land, though morn
Break forlorn, no more shall rise.

Jane Barlow.

The Saturday Review.

THE CRY OF A FALLEN ANGEL.

Out of the light,
Into the night,
God, I am falling!
Fashioned of flame,
Spent with my shame,—
God, I am calling!

All through the day
Sin has had sway;
Lost is the token.
Evening brings
Hurt of my wings—
Blackened and broken.

Child of a star,
Thine avatar,
Drunk from the revel!
Who am I, God—
Spirit, or clod,
Angel, or Devil?

Yet Thou hast made
Me Thy sword-blade—
Sheathed that its brightness
Flash up to win
When the last sin
Burns into whiteness.

Hand that can smite,
Hold the hilt tight—
Draw, and strike faster;
Strike with me, Lord!
My soul Thy sword,
And Thou its Master.

Strike! till the day
Grow from the gray
Gloom of the Peril;
And in the skies
Dream-domes arise—
Jacinth and beryl!

R. W. Norwood.

The British Review.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

We have arrived at a crisis in our history when each man must search his mind and choose his course, and shrink not from the sacrifice of old associations if reason bids him. This is a duty which lies heavily on everyone who touches public affairs, whether he handle them greatly or humbly, for we are come to the parting of the ways. As a journalist, whose business it is to deal with these matters humbly, I feel impelled to abandon old associations for many reasons. That some communications have passed between the political leaders on the Ulster problem does not mean that the parties have been brought any nearer to agreement. Mr. Bonar Law made that plain at Bristol. They are far from agreement, and the peril to the State is greater than is realized. The Unionist party have appealed to force in their resistance to a Parliamentary movement. The workmen of this country are watching the passage of events with curious eyes. That their feeling is hostile to the Opposition cry to arms may be gathered from their attitude at public meetings, but there is more than hostility in their minds. Labor men throughout the country ask "Why is there one law for Tom Mann, and another for Sir Edward Carson and the men of Ulster?" The Trade Unionists remember that the soldiery were called out to keep the peace, and keep the lines, in the brief days of the national railway strike. The soldiers were compelled to fire upon the rioters at Llanelly, killing two men and injuring others. If in the Ulster struggle law gives place to force, in future the Labor men will appeal to force.

There is danger of another national railway strike either this year or next. A section of the National Union of Railwaymen are hostile to the whole machinery of the Conciliation Boards, and if they gain the day the strike may be precipitated this year, for though the notices given to determine the revised agreement of 1911 do not expire till December, the men are not legally bound. At present the surface is unruffled, but beneath it there is a busy movement, lodge meetings have been held, there is talk of the National Programme, and sporadic strikes, which might prejudice general action, have been quickly settled by the leaders. As to the danger in this year of grace, probably nothing certain can be known until March or April. The Parliamentary Labor party do not believe that the strike will be this year, but with them the wish is father to the thought, for they have always used their influence in the cause of peace. The issue is not in their hands. The Government, which saved this country from war in 1911, have already given anxious thought to the problem. The appointment in October of the Royal Commission to inquire into the question of railway nationalization was a piece of statesmanship, for the railwaymen are overwhelmingly in favor of nationalization, and by this act the Ministry gave an earnest of their desire seriously to examine, though without prejudice, the men's policy. The appointment of the Commission was decried by many of the Government's political opponents. Have the Opposition thought of the national railway strike that is this year threatened, and the issues at stake if the railwaymen saw in the Ulster flare their beacon? They have not begun to think of it. Heedless of the common welfare, they have driven straight on towards a worse disaster than any revolt in Ulster. If the workmen took arms in

their own quarrel, could soldiers be used, not to suppress the strike, but to keep order, if armed resistance to the law is justified in Ireland?

During the last three months the Unionists, with few exceptions, have been in a psychological state which is as interesting as it is dangerous. They have believed what they wanted to believe. It is not the first nor the second time in recent years that on the verge of defeat they have believed themselves to be assured of victory. Now, as then, they have misread the portents, and none could give them perception. They have witnessed strange things. From Ladybank to Leeds, from Berwick to Bradford, Holloway and Manchester, they have traced in public speeches the tokens of a fearful Ministry, divided in counsel, and clutching desperately at any expedient. The Government wavered now this way and now that; here was the reaction from fear, and there the renewal of panic, when each meeting of the Cabinet presaged a General Election. But these were the phantasms of the mind, like the visions, sometimes gay, sometimes melancholy, which haunted the soldiers of the *Grande Armée*. The Government so far have been steadfast. The choice now lies with the Opposition. If the Government were to withdraw their Home Rule Bill in favor of some complicated scheme, the passage of which through the House of Commons none could guarantee, they would lose the Irish cause, they would lose the Parliament Act, with all that the Liberal party have fought for, they would be deserted by the democracy, and the page of history they have written would be erased.

Under our system of Government, which has sprung from a fuller representation of the people, we have passed through several constitutional crises of late; we are now confronted with the gravest of all. These crises are the throes of parturition which may give birth to a written instead of an unwritten Constitution. The Unionist leaders and their party have denounced the Government for acting against the spirit of the Constitution in proceeding with their great measures, and chiefly Irish Home Rule, under the Parliament Act. If the Government were wrong in this, it would be no answer to say that the Unionist party, too, have sinned against the Constitution. The answer is that the Parliament Act is now part of the Constitution of this country, whether or not it be hereafter revised or repealed, and that the Government are acting within the Constitution in proceeding under it in the Parliament in which the Parliament Act was passed. That Act was passed in the first year of this Parliament. The Unionist contention that a General Election must be taken on the Home Rule Bill is equivalent to this, that having passed the Parliament Act to secure the passage of certain Bills supported by a House of Commons majority, the Government should at once have taken a General Election on one of these Bills—the Home Rule Bill. Stated thus, there is no force in the contention. Therefore the Unionists prefer to state their case with a difference, and say that the Government, having proceeded with their Bills for two years under the Parliament Act, and deluded their supporters with vain hopes, should then take a General Election before their passage. The case of Ulster is very grave, but it has been long foreseen. Moreover, by rejecting instead of revising the Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills in the last two Sessions, the Unionist party, acting through the House of Lords, accepted the procedure of the Parliament Act

in the Parliament in which that Act was passed.

There has recently been a revival of the argument that the Parliament Act should have been accompanied by a twin measure for the reconstitution of the House of Lords, and that only thus should a change in the Constitution such as Home Rule for Ireland be passed. The subject was touched on by Mr. F. S. Oliver in his pamphlet on *The Alternatives to Civil War*. This question received the serious consideration of the Ministry in the early part of 1910, and later in the year, after the death of King Edward, the attempt was made in the Constitutional Conference to arrive at an agreement. For the failure to agree both parties must share the responsibility. The Government's decision to proceed first with the Parliament Act, secondly with such measures under the Parliament Act as precluded agreement between parties, and thirdly with the reconstitution of the House of Lords, would in any case have been determined by the failure of that Conference. Having swiftly taken a General Election in December 1910 to ascertain whether the country confirmed them in their majority, the Government proceeded with these measures towards a written Constitution in this order by the only means which were practicable to the party in power. Many times this question has been put from the Opposition side, Why should the Government first suspend the Constitution—this being the Unionist phraseology, or, as Liberals might say, leave it half-written—and then pass Irish Home Rule before reconstituting the House of Lords? I cannot remember to have heard a satisfactory answer, but the answer surely is that the Irish Home Rule and other Bills which in this Parliament it is sought to pass under the Parliament Act raise issues which, till they are disposed of, preclude agreement between parties, and block the way to a constitutional settlement.

The Government's authority is next challenged because they are supported by Parliamentary groups with diverse aims. By those who have not the advantage of the support of a group majority, the group system is condemned in public as detestable and corrupt. Is then the party system so noble a thing by contrast? The Unionist party themselves are now a collection of groups—the Irish Unionists, the Tariff Reformers, the anti-food tax section, and the Social Reform Committee, which includes members of other groups yet has a separate organization. The truth is that our modes of government are "rule of thumb"—none are ideal. If the only Government that can be formed to carry on the administration of the country is one supported by a majority of groups, then that is the Government which we must have. When that plain fact is recognized all talk of bargains is idle. The question whether the Liberal Government should adopt the only alternative to a series of unproductive General Elections, and accept the support of a group majority, was rightly decided at the first Cabinet Council held after the election in January 1910. That the Liberal party and the Irish Nationalist party should co-operate was the corollary to that decision. Their co-operation at first was not easy, as the Irish Nationalists were opposed to some of the provisions of the famous Budget, and, being human, made the most of their advantage. But when once this co-operation was sealed in practice no further question arose, the situation being stereotyped by the election in December 1910.

At that election, the Opposition assert, the Government obtained no mandate for the Home Rule Bill.

There is no established doctrine of the mandate, and the Opposition have but given it lip service when it suits a party purpose. Indeed, the doctrine of the mandate for a particular Bill, as it has recently been pressed by Unionists, is as undemocratic as the Referendum, which became a plank in their programme when it figured in Lord Lansdowne's resolutions towards the close of 1910. If, however, an appeal is made to a doctrine of mandate, the facts must be dealt with faithfully. A General Election is not fought on one issue. In the election of January 1910 there were two dominant issues, the Budget and the powers of the House of Lords. Again, in December 1910 there were two, the Parliament Act and Irish Home Rule. Whatever inferences may be drawn by adverse critics from the pronouncements of the Ministry at that time—and Mr. Asquith has dealt with them at Leeds—the Opposition themselves, from Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne to the rank and file, insisted before and during that election that Home Rule was a leading issue.

It may still provoke a smile to recall that two days after the breakdown of the Conference Mr. Garvin—the Jim Larkin of the Unionist party—published a manifesto headed "The men with the American money; England for sale; Bid, 200,000 dollars." The electoral fight was, apparently, to be won on the issue of "Home Rule and Home Ruin," and the dominating fact was that "Mr. Redmond landed at Queenstown last night with 200,000 dollars in his pocket." "He comes . . . he lands . . . he arrives with his Buffalo bagful." This rampage and other political absurdities of that time were attributed in the inner circle to the inspiration of a familiar of the Unionist party from whose evil counsels they had suffered long. It proved idle to warn them that there was little force in this cry, and that for over a generation the British electorate had known that the Irish Nationalists received contributions from their kinsfolk in America. The country was hardly likely to be shocked, or indeed surprised, to discover that the Nationalist party had not abandoned this source of revenue. None the less, before the week was out, the Chief Opposition Whip had taken up the cry of the Dollar Dictator, giving a lead to his party, and on the eve of the election Lord Lansdowne said "Mr. Asquith to my mind has made it perfectly clear that if the Parliament Bill is carried the first step that will be taken will be to deal with the question of Irish Home Rule." The only hypothesis on which Unionists can argue that Home Rule was not a leading issue at the last election is that the electors throughout the kingdom had such contempt for their spoken words that they did not listen to them.

Lastly, the Government are challenged by those who contend that the by-elections show the country is against them, and they appeal to Mr. Asquith's pronouncement on the first reading of the Parliament Bill, that the delay of three sessions would preclude the possibility "of covertly or arbitrarily smuggling into law measures which are condemned by popular opinion." The Home Rule Bill was introduced on the 11th of April 1912. Since then there have been thirty-eight contested by-elections, seven of which have been won by the Opposition, but only three in a straight fight. The Liberals won a seat at Londonderry, making the net Unionist gain six since the Bill was introduced. From the beginning of this Parliament there have been eighty-two contested by-elections, yielding a total net gain to the Opposition of ten seats. The Exeter result was reversed on petition,

and the Liberal at Cheltenham unseated, but this has no bearing on a change in opinion. The Insurance Act came into operation shortly after the Home Rule Bill was introduced, but let us assume that no one voted on it, let us assume, too, that when a Labor man fights a Liberal it is an advantage to the Coalition—what, then, of these ten seats? There has been an intolerable deal of sack to this halfpenny-worth of bread. We know well that there is no wave of feeling in the country, for when these by-elections occurred journalists were busy doing little sums, adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing the figures for professional purposes. If a calculating machine could be inspired with party feeling these electoral analyses might have been produced mechanically. But when there is a wave of feeling in the country we do not do little sums. There is no need; the thing is there and cannot be gainsaid.

The appeal to the Constitution has been considered, and we must remember, therefore, how Unionists have sinned against it, though the Government's justification lies not in this but in the Parliament Act. We hear nothing of their sins in their speeches, yet if any should stand in the white sheet of repentance and beg for the forgiveness of the country, it is the Unionist party. We have arrived at the present situation by the conflict of forces in the State. How was the force of the Unionist party directed? A Liberal Administration was returned to power at the beginning of 1906, with a majority supporting them of 357. That rout of the Unionist forces is known to them as the *débâcle*. It was an event unparalleled in our constitutional history. Never before with such certitude could a Government in this country say We stand for the people. One of the chief issues at that election was the Nonconformist grievance against Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902; and in their first year of office Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's Government brought in an Education Bill dealing with this. On the third reading in the House of Commons of that Bill, which was long considered on previous stages, Mr. Balfour gave his well-known signal to the House of Lords, not to slay, but grievously to wound. The amendments made by the Lords destroyed the principle of the Bill, and the Government in the House of Commons rejected them *en bloc*. This course Lord Lansdowne characterized as unprecedented. So was the Government's majority in the people's House. Mr. Balfour, in urging last autumn a General Election, or a Referendum on a measure to which he is opposed, affected to believe in representative government, but he showed his real contempt for the democracy in 1906. The maiming of the Education Bill in the first year of a Liberal Administration, supported in the Commons by so overwhelming a majority, was based on a cynical calculation that with so many of their followers new to the dignities of Parliament the Government would be pressed not to dissolve.

In the next year the House of Lords killed the Government's Scottish Land Bill, the Government at that time being supported in the Commons by sixty Scottish members and the Opposition by twelve. In 1908 the Licensing Bill, embodying the Government's policy of temperance reform, was passed through the House of Commons by huge majorities. It was rejected in the House of Lords, on second reading, by what is known as a reasoned amendment. The calculation this time was that while the Government's prestige would receive a heavy blow, the Opposition would es-

cape blame, since it was believed that the Bill was not a popular measure.

Finally, the direst sin against the Constitution, the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords, was undertaken by the Unionist party in 1909. Lord Lansdowne, perhaps, regards this as "ancient history." It may well be that he desires to do so, since he was one of the chief supporters of this policy. This denial of the rights of the people's House to the sole gift of all aids and supplies and the direction of their purposes, this flouting of the famous resolution of the Commons of 1678, this return to the days of the struggle to bind the people in tyranny, was undertaken by the Unionist party on a misguided calculation that in the General Election which would be precipitated they would gain 200 seats. Not for principle but for expediency, not for love of country but for office, they would have cast to the winds the liberties of the people and overthrown the modern State. Any who warned them were treated with contempt and ill-favor. The decision was taken by the Unionist leaders towards the end of August in that year. The campaign for rejection in a weekly Unionist journal, which followed, but did not as Liberals supposed precede, this decision, may still be remembered. I call to mind one placard of those days, "And in your hands—your Fate."

Four short years ago, and yet it is ancient history! If we search the musty records of the past, we shall find a piece of history which was as vital to a party as that was to the State. It was even ten years ago, but it may be linked with an incident of yesterday to freshen it. This was the incident. On the morrow of the day when the food-tax crisis in the Unionist party was ended, on the 15th of January last year, when Mr. Bonar Law's letter in reply to the Unionist memorial was published, Mr. Balfour moved the rejection on third reading of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons. In his letter Mr. Bonar Law, who sincerely believed in the full programme of Tariff Reform, had assented to the proposition that food duties should not be imposed until submitted at a second General Election, and agreed to retain the leadership because the view in the party was that a change "would be fatal to the best interests of the party and of the country." In the opening passage of his speech on the Bill in the House that day Mr. Balfour said:

> The whole course of our proceedings reminds me of those old comedies of intrigue in which the chief schemer goes to each one of the subordinate characters in turn and gives to each a different version of his object, and induces them by separate methods to carry out his policy, and finally, at the end. leaves them all duped.

At this there was considerable laughter in the House, the Liberals, at any rate, believing that the intrigues to get food taxes out of the Unionist programme were covertly referred to, and that Mr. Bonar Law was stigmatized by his former leader as one of the dupes. Mr. Balfour affected to be surprised at this laughter, and, addressing Mr. Bonar Law, asked him "What are they laughing at?" He paused, but getting no reply but a smile, he turned to the House, still with an air of naïveté, and said:

> I do not know what it was I said that has induced the House to express its approval in this articulate form. I do not honestly know on this occasion how I have earned the warm approval of so many gentlemen on both sides by my observations.

Everyone else, however, seemed conscious of an innuendo. Emphasized by the marked way in which Mr. Balfour addressed to Mr. Bonar Law his surprised inquiry, the allusion had the

inevitable appearance of a gibe. And at what a moment! Mr. Bonar Law had taken up the burden of leadership unsought, a burden from which many men would have shrunk, and now, albeit with great reluctance, he had agreed to continue in that path, with a distracted party behind him, from a sense that it was his duty to them and to his country. When the circumstances of that moment are considered, and those which the incident recalls, one is moved to ask whether Mr. Bonar Law's blunt honesty is not a better weapon than Mr. Balfour's dagger.

What comedy of political intrigue does this incident recall? I think it was pointed out at the time by Mr. T. P. O'Connor that the description was not inapplicable to Mr. Balfour's intrigue by means of which in 1903 the Free Trade members of his Cabinet were thrown out when Mr. Chamberlain resigned. One object of that intrigue was to keep within the Cabinet the Duke of Devonshire. In one of his letters to the Duke, Mr. Balfour spoke of "the various actors in this rather complicated drama"—a drama then, a comedy in retrospect. But even in intrigue Mr. Balfour failed. The Duke of Devonshire was left standing on the doorstep at Downing Street, puzzled, dismayed and unconvinced. Is there a Unionist who can read without shame the history of that intrigue given in Mr. Bernard Holland's Life of the Duke? In my own case, I had been brought up in a great respect for the Duke of Devonshire, whom, as Lord Hartington, my father followed in 1886. Always a Free Trader, I was perturbed by this affair, which at the time was inexplicable; but taking then no part in political matters, I, like some other Liberal Unionists, still hoped for better things. But the next few years witnessed the attack on the Unionist Free Traders, a cut-throat business. While it proceeded Mr. Balfour, in the *rôle* of an abstracted philosopher, was balancing with difficulty on the point of his metaphysical needle. This protracted exercise was as surely fatal to the Unionist party as was the day when Mr. Chamberlain sowed the dragon's teeth of Tariff Reform.

If Mr. Balfour had been in as full possession of the political instinct as of the arts of dialectic and intrigue, what should he have done in 1903? That year the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a surplus of nearly eleven millions. With this the Unionist Government could have taken twopence instead of fourpence off the income tax, and, proceeding on an estimate similar to that adopted later by a Liberal Government, they could have given the old-age pensions which for years had been a plank in their programme, and gone to the country soon after. But theirs never the deed, never the vision. If any say that this would have been cynical advice, I would reply by asking which is the more cynical, to promise pensions and not to give them, or to promise them and give them?

As to the Tariff policy, it was a piebald policy for two years before the *débâcle* in 1906—neither white nor wholly black. It failed then. It was made a piebald policy by the adoption of a referendum on the Tariff in December 1910, just before the election. That failed. It was made a piebald policy again last year by the doctrine of two General Elections. That will fail. The extreme Tariff men will argue that the failure is due to the postponement of food taxes; those who are Free Traders at heart will argue that it is because the whole policy has not been wiped off the slate. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, speaking for the "whole-hearted" Tariff Reformers at Birmingham last Novem-

ber, said "We are ready to postpone the full fruition of our hopes, so that there be no going back, and so that their progress, though slow, be steady." The "full fruition" of the food taxes is a phrase which has no doubt attracted the attention of the Liberal Publication Department. The chief food tax proposed is a maximum duty of two shillings per quarter on foreign wheat. Lavish promises have been made to our agriculturists that this duty will revive their industry—after two General Elections at each of which the Unionist party shall have been returned to power. Some farmers of late have been lamenting that they cannot hasten the day, caring little for the promise of a dole after the first election. Vain are their hopes. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in a letter to a correspondent on the 21st of November 1910, said that two shillings a quarter on foreign wheat was a figure which would not be exceeded. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, writing to the Duke of Devonshire on the 21st of September 1903, said "It is ridiculous to suppose that two shillings a quarter on corn would restore prosperity to agriculture, although the farmers might possibly support it as drowning men catch at a straw."[1]

There is little need at the moment to pursue this controversy, since the Liberal Land policy holds the field. But one aspect of the question leads us back to Irish Home Rule. By some advocates of the whole Tariff policy, and these the most passionately sincere, it is still believed that preference arising out of food taxes must be the link of Empire. It may be that they have some answer to offer those who point them to the danger to the Empire itself from such taxes in times of industrial hardship or war, with prices rising, and a hungry people, though the answer is not forthcoming. The infidel must not hope to convince passionate believers, but let me point them to a great Imperialist, whose name they will revere. For Cecil Rhodes the link of Empire was not taxation and preference, but Imperial defence. "The primary tie which binds our Empire together," he wrote to Mr. Parnell, "is the national one of self-defence." To ensure Imperial defence he would have proceeded to Colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. His ideal is prevailing, though the method has changed, and we are proceeding towards Imperial representation through the Imperial Conferences and the Committee of Imperial Defence. He, too, had he lived, might have seen the necessity for our method, which, though different, is directed towards his own ideal of Imperial defence.

But let us mark this well. In pursuit of the Imperial idea, Rhodes contributed 10,000*l.* to Mr. Parnell's cause in 1888, chiefly that the latter should agree in any future Home Rule Bill to the retention of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. On this condition he was willing that the case of Ireland should be dealt with first, and on its merits. He considered that "self-government having greatly strengthened the Empire in the Colonies, there would be no danger of some carefully devised measure of Home Rule for Ireland."[2] If any question be raised as to what he meant by a "carefully devised measure of Home Rule," let it be remembered that he would have supported the general principles of the Bill of 1893. Bearing this in mind, the following parallel passages will be found to be of some interest:

Mr. Rhodes to Mr. Parnell
1888.

My interest in the Irish question has been heightened by the fact that in it

[1] "Life of the Duke of Devonshire," vol.ii. p. 355.

[2] "Life of Parnell," by Mr. Barry O'Brien.

I see the possibility of the *commencement* of changes which will eventually mould and weld together all parts of the British Empire. . . . The removal of Irish affairs to an Irish Legislature would be a *practical experiment* in the direction of lessening the burden upon the central deliberative and legislative machine.

Mr. Asquith at Ladybank
1913.

While the importance, which no one realizes more than we do here, of the extension of the principle of Devolution in appropriate forms to other parts of the United Kingdom is fully recognized, *the claim of Ireland is prior in point of urgency and must be dealt with first.*

In these two passages, the distinction must be noted between steps to be taken to consolidate the Empire and the progress of Devolution in the United Kingdom. But in both the need is recognized of dealing with the Irish problem first.

The public discussion during the recess of Devolution and the federal solution of the Irish problem has been vitiated by the apparent inability of Unionists to realize that the Liberal party cannot undertake in this Parliament to carry out the next stages in any devolutionary process that may be agreed upon. None can doubt the good will of the Liberal party in this matter, since so many of the Scottish and English members have testified to their faith in Devolution; but, with the best will in the world, it must be a commitment for a future Parliament. The most promising suggestion that has been made in the discussion of the federal or the devolutionary idea was Mr. Asquith's, when, at Manchester, he expressed his readiness to consider the proposal to restore a common Post Office to the United Kingdom. The question of the Customs is in a different category, for without a separate system of Customs the Irish Parliament would have little scope for raising fresh revenue, while Great Britain would lose in pocket when future accounts were made up. So far as it is wise to venture an opinion, it would seem that the ends towards which efforts at compromise should at present be directed are an increased representation for Ulster in the Irish Parliament, a scheme of local administrative autonomy in Ulster giving special control in matters of education and police, thus limiting the powers of the Irish Parliament over Ulster, and the abandonment of the separate Irish Post Office. But any grant of administrative autonomy must be within the four corners of the Home Rule Bill. It cannot be said that the Unionist leaders have yet shown themselves ready to discuss such a compromise.

The Government, though some of their supporters have not shown equal wisdom, have never doubted the sincerity of Ulster, and from the first have invited the Ulster leaders to make proposals, provided they were consistent with the purpose of the Bill. Nor, surely, from the first did any doubt the sincerity of Sir Edward Carson, to whom we now look to settle this quarrel. For my own part, I am surprised that some English Unionists, judging this matter from their own standpoint, do not give more generous recognition to the devotion which Mr. F. E. Smith has also shown in the Ulster cause. His sincerity can be no less. If there were unhappily no compromise, and if thereafter the Ulster movement failed, Mr. F. E. Smith stands to lose more than Sir Edward Carson, who has fulfilled his ambitions. Mr. F. E. Smith's brilliant career is but opening. He is probably the only Unionist leader who, had he the opportunity, could revive the spirit of Tory democracy, and he has a

band of Social Reformers behind him.

But the Unionist Social Reformers, to linger a moment on that theme, are in sore case. Never can they revive the spirit of Tory democracy until their party are free from the toils of the Tariff policy, and the death of Tariff Reform would again rive Unionists asunder. There is little room for them in their own party, as was made manifest three months ago when the group which favored a forward agricultural policy was suppressed. When once the issues of Irish Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are settled, could not some of them, at least, find in co-operation with the Liberal party their natural sphere of work and influence? The Unionist Social Reform group forget that when the spirit of Tory democracy was alive there was no Labor party. How can they inspire the workmen with confidence while they thwart them in Parliament? How can they appeal to the members of the great Trade Unions for support when the attitude of Unionist leaders towards Labor men is that of a schoolmaster with a ferule?

Let us see how Mr. Austen Chamberlain dealt with the Osborne Judgment Bill on the eve of the last General Election. Speaking to the committee of the Midlands Liberal Unionist Association on the 22nd of September 1910, he referred to the demand of the Trade Unions Congress that Parliament should restore to Trade Unions the right to make a compulsory levy on their members for the support of Labor representatives in Parliament, and said "That is contrary to all the doctrines of liberty and freedom which I have been taught, and I, at any rate, can be no party to a reversal of that judgment." Since trade and political questions were sometimes intermingled, he added, he did not desire to restrict the work of Trade Unions "too narrowly," and recognized that "a certain political liberty must be left to those associations in connection with trade legislation." There is something here of Lord Curzon's attitude towards the House of Commons in a speech which may be remembered. The workmen, in regard to trade legislation, might be allowed "a certain political liberty"! The Unionist argument was that it was "a monstrous abuse" to require contributions toward Labor purposes from men of different political convictions. The solution offered by the Government, and accepted, was the ballot, with rights of exemption. Thus, as the recent ballots show, the Trade Union movement was kept within ordered limits, when the Opposition would have driven the men to Syndicalism. If any refutation of Mr. Chamberlain's argument were required by Conservatives, it might be found in Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902. A more vital question is: What authority would leaders such as these possess to settle a national railway strike? The men, if they met them in council, would meet them filled with suspicion and enmity. The Labor party are angry at the exultation which has been shown on the Unionist side over the treatment of their fellows in South Africa during the recent strike. And if the upheaval comes in this country, and there were in office a Unionist Government, they would be tossed like froth upon the waters of rebellion. We must look beyond the Ulster struggle. It is idle to recall the days of James the Second, and to remind us that the Ulster men fought for William of Orange. So did we in Great Britain, but here the orange ribbon is to-day the symbol of the Liberal, not of the Conservative. The divisions of the past are dead and done with. We must realize that the division now, if it comes, will be be-

tween the classes and the workmen.

Faced with this strife, what could the Unionist party offer us? Their case to-day is perilously like that of the dicer, who throws, and loses, and shirks the forfeit. Avid of power, they could not brook defeat. What to them was the Constitution to which now they would appeal? After the *débâcle* they gambled with it, again, and once again—and lost. Within the last few months some were ready to seduce the Army, and others to use the Throne as their lever. I believe, if there be no Irish compromise, that many who in the past have worked with them will withstand them at this crisis in the country's fate. Is it this unhappy party, rent by dissension, whose fate is overcast with doubt, is it they who will foment a civil feud in England as well as Ireland? Let them not be too sure in the coming hour. If they do but half the things that some of them have threatened, I can conceive the spirit of this people rising against them like a flame of fire.

The Nineteenth Century and After. *A. P. Nicholson.*

SYNDICALISM AND THE LABOR SITUATION.

Syndicalism still stands amongst us as a symbol of unrest. Trade unions, once content to enjoy their own small corporate existence, are now joining their forces in order to act with greater power and effect in the case of emergencies. A serious attempt has been made to fuse those two great and famous trade unions—the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Boilermakers' Society. The Transport Workers have given the industrial world the lesson that bigger combinations make the single societies more formidable in impressing their will. Taken in connection with the prospectus of the United Kingdom Employers' Defence Union, these developments suggest that the industrial fight of the future will be a conflict of Dreadnoughts—that big federations of men and masters, ably directed and well furnished with the munitions of warfare, will soon meet and grapple to the death beneath the central blue.

Some of the trade-union leaders themselves have encouraged us to conclude that they are dominated by the thoughts of Syndicalism. Mr. T. E. Naylor, the Secretary of the London Society of Compositors, predicts that the strike of the future will be undertaken by great masses of men. He instances the miners with their 500,000 members; the railwaymen with the same number; the transport workers with 100,000; and the unions connected with the engineering trades who can make themselves responsible for another quarter of a million. These workers, as was long ago pointed out by the theorists of the French Confederation of Labor, occupy the central and dominating position of the industrial army. If their work is withdrawn, the whole fabric of modern commercialism totters and falls. And the Secretary of the London Society of Compositors evidently means to convey that in some British labor dispute of the near future these skilled armies of labor will reduce society to quiescence by the unanswerable argument of brute force.

Mr. Naylor, no doubt, belongs to the more extreme wing of the British labor leaders; but there are signs in the present situation that he is only giving voice to a Syndicalist feeling which has already become widely diffused. The Miners' Federation, which, on the whole, does not represent an

advanced constituency, has just passed a resolution "that the Executive be requested to approach the Executive of other big trade unions with a view to co-operative action in support of each other's demands." The Amalgamated Society of Engineers is at the present time kept in turmoil by an enthusiastic band of propagandists who ask that trade unions should give up all friendly society work and henceforth devote themselves to building up a huge fund for political and industrial advancement. This is, like the ancient warhorse, to sniff the battle from afar, and it is very significant that the first noteworthy book of M. Georges Sorel, the great theorist of Syndicalism, was directed just to this very point. Even here, however, in taking over an idea from France, there has been imported into it an insular flavor which makes it particularly a product of our own labor movement. Cool-minded men, like Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., for example, reason it out in this way. Granted, they say in effect, that we are nearing a big fight between Capital and Labor, how can the prospects of a Labor victory be made more absolutely certain?

The way to victory is not difficult to indicate. Surely the lesson of the Dublin strike is simply this, that the Labor army marches on its stomach. All the personal influence of Mr. Larkin himself would have been powerless to prolong hostilities if the Trade Union Congress had not sent a relief ship up the Liffey. The amalgamated forces of the workers must, if they are wise, prepare beforehand for the relief ships to be used in the strike of the future. Some of the men who have pondered this problem think that the unions should themselves run, as subsidiary businesses, their own bakeries and clothes factories. But Mr. Jowett has a keener eye on the present practical situation. He sees only a waste of energy in these independent bakeries and factories. All that is needed is for the amalgamated unions to have a business arrangement with the Co-operative Wholesale so as to ensure a proper supply of rations to any of their beleaguered troops.

As I have already pointed out, all this looks very like appropriating some part of the programme of Syndicalism, and to those who look beneath the surface of events, it may appear to be of grave import for the future history of Labor. Such searchers may derive consolation from the thought that the once terrible Syndicalism is palpably weakening in the country of its birth. M. Georges Sorel himself has gone over to the camp of the French reactionaries, and his discomfited disciples are trying to find reasons for believing that he was never really an all-red Syndicalist at all.[1] The review in which the master's ablest work, "Thoughts on Brute Force," once appeared, has now opened its columns to a discussion on "The Crisis in Syndicalism." There are even suggestions that the time has come when the hot-heads of the Confederation of Labor should refuse to be rigidly isolated from the Parliamentary Socialists, and that both should combine to combat the recent manifestations in France of the spirit of militarism. No longer is the general strike spoken of as a practical proposal which may be early or even remotely realized. It is only a hope which may bring some amount of comfort and inspiration in the hour of danger to the struggling industrial proletariat. Some of this latest speculation must make Sorel rejoice that

[1] Cf., for example, a recent review of M. Hubert Lagardelle, who speaks of the once be-praised Sorel as one of those "qui participèrent à l'élaboration d'un ensemble de thèses inspirées du movement ouvrier syndicaliste, mais qui n'influencèrent en rien ce dernier."—"Le Mouvement Socialiste, Vol. 33, p. 265.

he has finally quitted the movement. To him the Parliamentary Socialists of the party of M. Jean Jaurès were anathema maranatha.

Still the weakening of the movement in France is no guarantee that we shall have any weakening just at present in our own country. It is not the first time that doctrines that have long since spent their force in France or Germany have found for some time a congenial home in our own island land.[2] Undoubtedly the labor situation to-day demands a great deal of the closest attention. Even the result of the Memorial Hall Conference—satisfactory in its revelation of the attitude of a majority of the stronger unions—does not by any means imply that the advanced ideas have ceased to exert their influence among the rank-and-file. In South Wales, the Executive of the Railwaymen's Union have been strong enough to enforce discipline on the extremists; but at York, on the North-Eastern system, a settlement won by their experienced leaders after twenty-five meetings of a Conciliation Conference, has been recklessly repudiated by a mass meeting of the workers themselves.

The present labor dispute in Dublin demands the closest study. It is some time since a small band of Irish social reformers warned us that there would in due time come a day of reckoning for those who wielded power and responsibility in Ireland's capital city. I have before me a Social Science handbook, published so long back as 1901 by the Church of Ireland Social Union. At that time there was a deplorable lack of the full statistics of poverty in Dublin that are available to-day; but enough was known to show that, from the standpoint of health and decency the housing of the working-classes had been grievously neglected. In 1901 these warnings fell on deaf ears. Irish patriots wrangled over their political panaceas, and this plague-spot was suffered to fester in their midst. Having sown the wind, the people of Dublin are going to reap the whirlwind. The latest reports show that in the Irish capital the infantile death-rate is deplorable. How could it be otherwise? The young baby moves his tiny arms in an atmosphere laden with the germs of death; 21,133 persons live in one room tenements; 43 per cent of the populace die in workhouses, hospitals, lunatic asylums and prisons!

A poverty-stricken constituency like this is not one in which aggressive Syndicalism might be supposed to flourish. It is a mistake to think that the poorer the people, the more likely are revolutionary movements to be successful in their midst. The long-sighted French Syndicalists know that such an assumption would be the very contrary of the truth. There is a stage of human wretchedness at which heart and flesh faint and fail and the human spirit settles down to a dreary acquiescence in the evils that afflict it. Such a stage, it might well have been supposed, had quite been reached in Dublin, and whatever may be the final estimate of Mr. James Larkin, it must at once be conceded that he has achieved miracles in the organization of what the Germans would have called the *Lumpenproletariat*.

But how could oppressed and miserable men and women stand up against principalities and powers? How could hope eternal be induced to visit such despondent breasts? Obviously, only by unity and combination and the overwhelming force of numbers. Mr. James Larkin has the advantage of having founded the "Irish Transport and General Workers' Union." That is to say, he has taken the casual

[2] Thus Hegel had prominent disciples in our own country when he had ceased to count in Germany. The British Socialist Party may also be said to be a manifestation of some earlier phases of the Marxian movement.

laborers and connected their cause with the basic industry of commercialism—that which enables commodities to circulate freely from place to place. What was needed, then, if the poorly paid, wretchedly housed laborer of Dublin was to obtain some measure of his rights, was that he should not be content with his own puny strength, but should widen every conflict by connecting it with sympathetic action on the part of all the transport workers of every grade and class. This was the plan of campaign forced on Mr. Larkin by the necessities of the case, and this it was which made the device of the Red Hand obnoxious to all the employers of Dublin. It is a plan of campaign not wanting in impressiveness and skill, and there is no doubt that it is of fundamental importance in any estimate of to-day's industrial situation.

Of course, so far as the resources of Dublin itself are concerned, this "plan of campaign" was obviously doomed to failure. There was too marked a disproportion between the power of the purse in master and in men to leave any doubts possible as to the ultimate issue of a purely Irish conflict. And on this account it became at once evident that the doctrine of the sympathetic strike would be pushed further than it had ever been pushed before and that English workers, without any specific grievance of their own, would be dragged into the conflict to widen the area of disturbance. The Liverpool and Birmingham railway men were the first to experience this compelling magnetism of the impulse to strike. Three thousand men at one place and four thousand at the other refused to do what they were ordered, because (so they said), "we cannot as trade unionists handle goods loaded by scab labor." No wonder that in face of such a spirit the employers of Dublin closed their ranks. On the one hand, the cross-channel companies gave notice that no man should be employed by them who was not prepared to handle all kinds of goods. On the other hand, the men pushed the doctrine of the sympathetic strike to other and more dangerous extremes. A steamer chartered by the Dublin Steam Packet Company was held up because she was alleged to be sister to a ship owned by a firm that had shipped coal for the electric power-station belonging to Mr. Murphy's tramway company. For sheer inconsequence this would be hard to beat, and for eagerness to come out at the slightest provocation it can only be compared with the trouble among those Gateshead boilermakers, who struck because one of their members would not pay up his trade union arrears.

In fact, if this mania for sympathetic strikes on any and every provocation becomes at all widespread among the workers of Great Britain, it will involve the naturalization of one of the most dangerous doctrines of the French Syndicalist. The latter never, or hardly ever, counts the cost. He does not consider what new Commonwealth he can found on the ruins of the old. He is intoxicated with the spirit of battle. He is content aimlessly, recklessly to widen the area of conflict, in the fond belief that somehow, sometime, everything will end to the advantage of the workers. Neither in this country nor in America has there, up till lately, been any similar spirit. The British trade unionists know that the citadels of capitalism are not going to fall as easily as the walls of Jericho. And, to do the responsible leaders of the trade unionist movement all credit, they are also well aware that Mr. Larkin's light-hearted development of the sympathetic strike may involve them in strange consequences. If a strike in one industry

is to be extended to every other industry with which the affected trade has even the most casual relations, every strike—even the most trivial—must soon develop into a paralysis of the whole industrial system of the country. And that is not all. What is sauce for the goose may become sauce for the gander. If the men refuse to handle goods on grounds satisfactory to themselves alone, so may the masters. In the men this may be called the refusal to "handle goods loaded by scab traffic." In the master, it may take the objectionable form of preferential rates. No one has put the question more succinctly and forcibly than one of the soberest of the Labor M.P.'s. "Are we prepared," asks Mr. G. S. Wardle, M.P., "to ask Parliament to give railway companies the power to pick and choose what goods they can carry? At present they are compelled to carry the *Railway Review*, the *Daily Citizen*, and even the *Daily Herald* at the same rates as other newspapers. Are we willing to let them have the power to refuse to do this, and, if not, are we going to claim the right to pursue a course we deny to others?"

It is difficult to understand how the sympathetic striker can reply to such a searching question; but the fact that it has been asked shows that the British labor movement has not lost its head. Indeed, there are two elements essential to the stricter doctrine of Syndicalism as understood by its French adepts. It is, in the first place, an industrial plan of campaign, requiring for its completion a federation of all the unions involved in a given industry. It upholds the sympathetic strike. It lays stress on the combined action of the basal industries. It exhorts trade unions to avoid getting too much entangled in the business of benefits. All these elements are manifest in the labor situation, as it is developing in our own country to-day. And yet this is not the whole or even the most dangerous side of Syndicalism. The French Confederation of Labor has made itself most obnoxious to the rulers of France not on its industrial but rather on its political or rather its anti-political side. It distrusts the healing influences of political compromise. It banishes political toleration to the planet Saturn. It aims at the overthrow of the State institutions. It has no confidence in the recognized Parliamentary forms. It is all for destruction—and when you talk of reconstruction it only offers you the despotism of a trade union junta.

So far as its industrial plan of campaign is concerned, it is certain that Syndicalism has to some extent affected the labor situation. During the first eight months of 1913 there have occurred a larger number of industrial disputes than have occurred during the whole of any of the last ten years. It is true that, even taking this increased toll of strikers, the number of workers involved is still a small percentage of the whole working population. It is true also that, as has already been pointed out, the leaders of the labor movement have kept cool heads in an overheated time. The action of the Executive Council of the Spinners' Amalgamation in the Beehive difficulty, for example, shows how judiciously a well-organized union can confront a difficult situation. But with all these deductions there are undoubtedly dangerous elements latent in trade unionism to-day on its industrial side, and were it not for the fact that the great mass of workers in the country have not yet lost faith in the methods and machinery of administration and politics, it would be necessary to take a much more serious view of the actual industrial situation.

It may seem strange in a time of

crisis like the present to speak of the continued confidence in evolutionary political methods. The speeches of Sir Edward Carson mean, if they mean anything at all, that he is willing to tear in pieces the parchment of the old political forms. The Women's Social and Political Union—and with a good deal more to be said in their defence—have bid defiance to the slower and surer processes of political amendment. And so far as such examples have sown a distrust of politics in the hearts of the industrial population of Great Britain, so far they are incurring more serious risks for the future than any other movements of the time. If once the working-classes are convinced that politics is run for the classes and never for the masses, that Sir Edward Carson can utter with impunity his inflammatory speeches while Mr. James Larkin, for the same or a similar offence, goes straight to Mountjoy prison, then we may be pretty sure that the destruction of social life is very close at hand. Politics has taken long to become seriously naturalized amongst us. Even now it is acclimatized only in a few of the more advanced nations of the world. But if once its power and methods are compromised in our midst, we shall revert rapidly to the age of the brute beast.

Such a consummation is not yet, however, dangerously near at hand. Despite the murmurs of revolt that we hear too often around us, despite the extent to which political methods have been superseded by the short-sighted recklessness of partisans, there are a sufficient number of men of goodwill in either industrial camp who will save the situation from developing on the more dangerous lines of Syndicalism. Just when the Dublin strife was hottest, a labor leader like Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., did not hesitate to append his name, along with Sir George Askwith and Sir Thomas Ratcliffe Ellis, to a report which, while admitting that "grievances of considerable importance have existed" in Dublin, yet emphatically denies that the path to amendment lies by the thorny methods of the sympathetic strike. The Commissioners of the Industrial Council evidently feel that the last word has not been said for conciliation. In the face of angry mobs they proposed that Conciliation Committees should be formed in all the industries to deal with wages or conditions. Their powers should be carefully laid down so as to rid them of the suspicion that they were interfering with the employer on matters of management or discipline. If they cannot agree, they must call in an independent Chairman, selected from the Board of Trade panel. He, in turn, can either give advice with all the soothing skill he possesses, or, if required by both parties, may formulate an authoritative decision on the points in dispute.

There is no doubt about the valuable character of these suggestions. They embody some of the best features of that later industrial legislation which bids fair to be so singularly successful in New South Wales. They avoid some of the graver objections which are impairing the value of the railway Conciliation Boards, which at all the men's meetings are so much discussed at present. It is perfectly evident that, in this country, at least, no cast-iron scheme of arbitration tribunals can have the faintest chance of being successful. The worker will be led, not driven. If he disagreed with the verdict of the arbitration tribunal or imagined that the judge leaned to the classes rather than the masses, it would be all over for the prospects of passive obedience to the *chose jugée*. But if the prospective strike is taken before the differences have become

acute; if the Commissioner's functions are limited to peaceful persuasion and the skilful suggestions of alternative ways of settling the dispute; if he only intervenes in any judicial capacity at the request of both parties; then we have an administrative method which will lead us straight away from the more dangerous forms of Syndicalism and at the same time show that the last word has not yet been said on the evolutionary organization of society. It is true that the particular inquiry held at Dublin by the Commissioners of the Industrial Council in the early days of the dispute was not singularly successful. But, then, it was held with professional lawyers intervening, and all Australian precedent shows that if the proceedings of Conciliation Committees are to end successfully they must be kept clear of the interference of professional lawyers.

A word must, however, now be given to a feature of the industrial contest which appears to throw discredit on our fairest hopes. As has been seen, the most favorable feature of the labor situation to-day is that, however troubled industrially, there is still confidence in political and administrative methods. A larger and larger number of strikes, as the Board of Trade statistics plainly show, are being settled by conciliatory meetings and debate. Such conciliatory methods, if they are to become part and parcel of the normal administrative machinery, must be standardized by the power of the whole community. But if the State in its bureaucratic capacity as an organizer and administrator, is no better than the private employer, what confidence have we that the expressed voice of the community will bring a great calm to the troubled seas of industrial unrest? If Post Office clerks in desperation propose to burn up the Post Office, or deprive us of our Christmas letters, or if the National Union of Clerks allege that the Board of Trade, in its Labor Bureaus, is guilty of bigger sweating than "the biggest sweater to be found in the capitalist world," surely a community whose accredited agents lie under such grave aspersions, cannot exactly be thought of as the great wonder-worker who is going to charm us out of the dangers which are so ominously apparent in our midst!

Now it must frankly be admitted that the State is no fairy godmother who can make all crooked things straight by a stroke of her magic wand. The idea that by simply transferring industry from the private individual to the community you can lay the foundations of an industrial Paradise, is surely the weirdest superstition that ever infected the brain of an intelligent man. It may be desirable in some basic industries, and on many independent grounds, to change from private to public ownership. In the interests of concentration of management, or with the view of appropriating unearned increment, such a transfer can be ultimately justified. But in clothing your workmen in State liveries or delivering over their interests to the control of a State department, you are not—especially in the present bureaucratic organization of State departments—ensuring that you will be any freer from labor troubles than in the earlier era of private control. The tendency, as a Board of Trade return of 1912 plainly shows, is to separate off the State industries into a special class of "Public Utility Services," and to deprive the State servants of some of those rights which enable the servants of a private employer to obtain a speedy redress of their remedies.[3] In Russia

[3] A more extended discussion of this question, with an account of the later strikes among post-office servants in France, will be found in my "New Social Democracy," pp. 132-143.

and Roumania the law prohibits strikes in all public services; in Belgium on the railways, telegraphs, telephones, and in the Post Office; in Italy on the railways; and in Holland on the main railway lines. In France the postmen have been watched with the most jealous attention by the central power. In 1906 there was a short and sharp industrial conflict in the French postal departments which tried the resources of M. Barthou, and resulted in a fixed determination on the part of the ruling politicians in France to refuse State servants the power of allying themselves with Syndicalist organizations like the French Confederation of Labor.

It is difficult, unless in an article devoted to this special purpose to consider adequately the present situation in the Post Office. Superficially regarded the Holt Committee seemed to grant many concessions in pay, hours, and conditions. But it was strangely conservative on some points; and, most important consideration of all, it did not seem to give the immediate advances in all departments which the men thought were the corollary of an increased cost of living. The result is that the postmen were driven to threaten a Christmas strike and that all the Associations in the postal service have at once joined their forces. The Syndicalist would clap his hands in triumph. He would take this as another sign of the superannuation of the democratic State. But to one who watches attentively the present situation, there is no cause for despondency of heart!

What is the lesson of the new land legislation suggested by Mr. Lloyd George at Swindon? Simply this, that the Radicalism of the future is going to find a way which will bring in the power of the community to correct the abuses and inequalities of private ownership without involving the bureaucratic despotism of complete State patronage and control. Most notable, on this account, is the National Insurance Act, which is worked by State departments acting through the agency of private associations, and which, despite the protestations of the Syndicalist, continues to trade unions the business of a benefit society. There has been a disposition since the announcement of a Royal Commission on the subject of railways to assume that the result will be a report which will favor the adoption of complete nationalization. Surely such a disposition of mind takes no account of the history of the case. Mr. Churchill's Departmental Committee of 1909, under the able chairmanship of Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., was responsible for suggestions which can easily be brought into line with the land proposals of the Swindon speech. The railway men of late have been a storm centre of revolt. The railway clerks are organizing mass meetings in all the chief towns of the kingdom. When it is remembered that, in the Continental countries and even in the Colonies, State ownership has meant the denial of civic rights, it can easily be seen how much more promising are the most recent developments of legislative programmes!

The labor situation, though darkly clouded, is not without the signs of a brighter day. Syndicalism may commend itself to the disappointed heart, but so long as the politician keeps abreast of the times it can never become a dominant power in our own progressive land. The postal servant will find that the new legislative proposals involve an organization of industry which will break down the barrier between State servants and private employees. It may be that some forbearance and patience will be needed before the situation thus develops from storm to stillness. The

spirit of unrest is in the air. The workman looks at angry politicians on the warpath and asks, "Can these things be?" Officers on steamship companies copy the methods, formerly despised, of the ordinary dock laborers. Journalists engineer a stoppage of employment. But the peaceful end has never been lost to sight. The battalions of Capital and Labor, encamped over against one another in serried mass, are preparing for the final reconciliation in a great Co-operative Commonwealth.

J. H. Harley.

The Contemporary Review.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

And the next morning I woke early. To be out in the sunlight and the dew, in shadows and cool spaces—that was what I wanted with a fortnight of London behind me, and another fortnight, perhaps, in front. How many fortnights? I asked myself. What did it matter, with the sun not yet high in the sky, and with the chance of a cuckoo still calling? I was soon out on the gray, sparkling lawn, where the dew spun tiny globes of radiance on the pointing grass, and I went up the slope to the wood. I knew where I wanted to be, to hear the cuckoo again, if he would still call; I meant to be out beyond the path through the wood in the open space where in May the orchids flamed among the hazel-stubs and primroses. I stood there and waited; the chorus of dawn had dropped to single blackbirds and thrushes, with here and there a chaffinch running over his vehement little rill of song, chiffchaffs answering among the oak twigs, the delicate cadence of a willow-wren showering down from a crab-apple in the hedgerow. But I heard no cuckoo until I had stood listening for long; and then, from the far boundary of the hazel wood in front of me, faint and lost in the breeze that was rustling the tree-tops, came the call twice—the call which I think will always be for me fuller of joy and sorrow than any sound in the wind and sun. Twice it came and no more, tossed away by the breeze; and I turned to go back to the garden.

And as I turned, I knew why I had chosen that way to hear the cuckoo. For there, up the path through the wood, with the freshness of the wood and the morning about her, came Dacia as I saw her first at that very spot: Dacia in her homespun skirt and her thick boots, Dacia with her green leather belt and swinging her stick, as slender and provoking as when she stood there a month ago among the wet leaves and laughed so that I should look round at her.

"So there you are," she said.

"I've come out early."

"Early!" she echoed. "Well!"

"Isn't it early?"

"It's a month," she said, and again I caught the look I remembered, half question, half challenge, in her eyes. I opened the gate for her, and she turned down a path to the left. "It's just a month," she said, as she turned, and I followed to her side. She went down the path looking in front of her.

"Didn't I tell you I was the gamekeeper?" she asked me.

"You did. And are you on your morning round?"

Dacia raised an eyebrow. "Didn't I tell you I was the gamekeeper?"

"Then you——"

"Every morning," she said, with the air of one answering unnecessary questions.

"But you didn't mean——"

"Any morning," said Dacia.

"Then may I——"

"This particular morning," she remarked, "I'm going round alone. Sometimes I go with Payton, you know; it keeps him up to his work. I should think he hated it, wouldn't you? I know quite a lot about keepering. Do you know a lot? I expect you do. I should think you'd make rather a good keeper, wouldn't you?"

"I'm no good at dances, if that's what you mean."

"No? Oh, I remember. You wouldn't come the other night. And there!" said Dacia irrelevantly. "You've never asked about it."

"Asked about it?"

"The dance, of course. And what we did, and how you'd have managed—I mean, if we'd done it. Only we couldn't, you know—at least, we were stopped, just as we were going. I should have liked to have seen you. What would you have done, if we had come? Would you have been furious? You were rather furious when you started, of course. Would you have been?"

"I expect I should," I said. "It all sounds perfectly clear and lucid. Only what does it mean?"

"Oh, I forgot. You don't know. Of course. Well, it was this, you see. You went off before dinner, didn't you, down to your office? And Robert was talking about you at dinner—you know he was so cross with me for being late, he hardly would speak to me at first, only Robert's quite easy, really; I made him think I was going to cry, you know, and then he simply didn't know what to do. Well, he was talking about you and saying you worked fearfully hard, and all that sort of thing, and so when I got to the dance—well, it was about supper, really—I was dancing with Polly—that's Mr. Poltonbar, you remember him—and I suddenly thought we'd go and see you at your office—Polly, you know, and Mr. Leland, and Phyllis Daintree, and Mary Merion, and Peter, and Iris Rome, and Betty Kent——"

"Good heavens!"

"It was quite a party. That was just it—I mean, why we didn't come. There was only one taxi, you see, and while we were settling who should go first, because Phyllis wanted to be with Mr. Leland and Iris was—well, I mean, I know that's what it was really—well, just then Phyllis's mother saw her over the stairs, and so we all had to come back. So that ended that. But it really was rather a good idea, wasn't it?"

"It was full of tact. It showed a profound appreciation of the methods under which newspaper offices are conducted and newspapers produced punctually every morning."

"Yes. Well, we thought we should have cheered you up a little. Mr. Bellinger would have liked it, too, wouldn't he?—isn't he your editor, or printer, or something?"

"Printer," I said. "Yes. He would have been full of encouragement. He would have raised my salary at once—altered it, at all events. Probably he would have asked me to become his gamekeeper."

"Oh, dear," sighed Dacia; "I wish you wouldn't remind me."

"What have I done now?"

"When you said gamekeeper I'd forgotten about it. I was thinking just about the dance. It's the only dance I've been to this year. And the next day, you know, I had to come back down here—to all this, you know." She waved a hand at grass fields and hen coops.

"But couldn't you——"

She shook her head. "Roderick was simply furious. Of course I knew he would be. You really ought to have

seen him. When I came up from the station, you know—well, I thought it would be best to drive round to the stables and slip in by the kitchen. But he was waiting at the front door for me, on the step. So I just drove straight up—that's the only way with Roderick when he's like that. But when I'd got into the house—my dear!"

"But why shouldn't you go to a dance if you want to?"

"Oh, it wasn't the dance. It was the money. He only gives me housekeeping money, you see—just enough. And—well, I had to buy a ticket, and you must have some other money with you, mustn't you? So there it was, I'm quite honest, you know. I always tell him when I've spent the money on other things."

"He had to get some more?"

"Yes. And my goodness! He was—well, of course you haven't seen Roderick when he's like that. But I told him, you know, it was all his fault, every bit of it. If he wasn't always betting—he's terrible unlucky—these things wouldn't happen. I mean, he could give me more money, couldn't he? I told him that. But it's no good talking to Roderick. You just have to do things and be served out afterwards."

"But you don't mind?"

"Oh yes, I do. But there it is—you must do things, mustn't you? I don't even try not to. I've always been like that, you know."

She stooped to look at the ground in front of one of a dozen or so of coops set at intervals along a ride cut in springing grass.

"I thought so," she said. "Mr. Payton will hear from me when he sees me next."

"Over-feeding?"

"He will do it. I've told him about it I don't know how many times, but you might as well speak to a hen-coop. If it wasn't for me, we shouldn't have a bird to turn into covert. You see what a good practical keeper I am, don't you?"

"Do you do the real work, or only scold Payton?"

"Of course I do," said Dacia, comprehensively. "Why, there are ever so many things Payton couldn't do without me. You see that spruce? Well, it had a sparrow-hawk's nest in it. Payton was going to wait and shoot the old birds. So I didn't tell him, but I climbed up and got the eggs—he's too heavy for that, you know—and he waited I don't know how long trying to get a shot. Then I told him I'd taken the eggs."

"Didn't he expect you would have climbed up?"

"Oh yes. I can climb anything, you know. Once I won a bet for Roderick, climbing up to a crow's nest. Roderick bet he'd go out and bring back the eggs, and—and the other man laughed and said he thought it wasn't worth while getting out of his chair to see Roderick break his neck. And when he found out it was I had climbed up—my dear! I never saw a man in such a state. You see, it wasn't very safe. But I told you about him, didn't I?"

"I don't think so."

"Oh yes, I did. Let me see," said Dacia, "we've got to go this way back into the wood. Will you help me over the wire, please? No, there's no gate—not this end of the field. Thank you very much."

We went down the ride in the wood. At the far end was a gate which I knew would take me back to the Grange garden. Dacia said nothing, but walked looking straight before her. Just before we came to the gate she stopped—stopped and laughed. She put both her hands on her stick in the ground behind her, and looked suddenly up at me.

"I wonder what you would be like at a dance," she said.

"I'd sooner be out with a gamekeeper."

"Even in the early morning when no one's up?" she asked.

"To-morrow morning."

"I wonder what you would be like," said Dacia. "It's going to rain, don't you think?" She regarded the sky calmly.

"To-morrow—to-morrow early."

"Or do you think it's going to be fine?" She looked from the sky at me again, and there was the challenge again, and the question, in her eyes; challenge most. *Do you dare? You dare!* that was it, without a word spoken; only her eyes and her laughing mouth. I stepped forward, and her eyes changed, and she broke the spell; she was standing a little way down the ride away from me, and she laughed again, and I watched her swinging her stick.

"Shall you be coming round to-morrow, then?" she asked. "I'll introduce you to Payton. You'll like him, I think, really. I must be getting back now. No, I can manage the wire all right, thank you. I always do when I'm alone. Good-bye."

And she was away down the ride. I watched her to the corner, but she never turned her head.

CHAPTER XV.

I waited by the gate. I should have walked out towards Parson's Hanger if I had known the way she would be coming, but that I did not know. All I was sure of was that she would come; she meant to come, she meant me to meet her, I was there to meet her; and there by the gate I waited. I was there earlier than I had been the morning before, and if I had had no better reason than I had then, should I have left the house at all? It was a morning of low clouds and rain; rain that pencilled gray lines in the light above the downs, rain that draped and veiled the green of the nearer woods; here, beside me, there was a steady drip from the oak branches on the long, blotchy primrose-leaves under them. Now and then a puff of wind, in that still air, would shake down a rattle of wet and bring from the hedgerow a smell of sweetbriar; after the shaken raindrops there would be quiet, and then the steady drip again. Why should she be out in the woods on such a morning? But I knew she would be; she would come with her face wet and the rain on her hair.

I think I waited an hour. And then I heard voices in the wood behind me, and the tread of feet muffled on the soaked path. I turned quickly; did she mean me to turn so quickly, and to show her what I was looking for? She came up the ride; the rain had set dark and light about her clothes, and I thought somehow of rain on the coat of a deer; she was out in the foul weather in the fearless way a wild creature would go. But she was not alone: I was to know that at once, and make what I could of it. She was followed by the keeper, and it was easy to see that the keeper was not pleased. He was a dark-browed, black-bearded man; and he walked behind her much as a dog walks at a man's heel; he would obey, there was no question of that, but he hated obedience. As she came towards the gate I heard some shortly-worded answer about a partridge's nest; she knew more about it than he did.

"Then you don't know the one I mean? It's no wonder we can't get the stock if you don't take the trouble to mark down the nest. You must bring your map up to the house again, and let me see it. Each nest—do you understand?"

"If *you* say so." Payton stalked

gloomily behind her. "Crosses on maps don't make not what we wants most, I reckon." He glanced where the sun should be; tawny light tore a rift in the gray. "Same as last year and 'twon't be no better as I can see. But you shall have your maps, Miss Dacia: oh yes! you shall have your maps."

Dacia came through the gate as if the sun were shining on a new world. "Aren't you very early this morning?" she asked me. "This is Mr. Markwick, Payton. I believe he would like to look at your pheasants." She turned to me. "Didn't you say you wanted to go round with the gamekeeper? We're just going to the second field; will you come with us?"

She led the way through the clearing in front of us. Had she met Payton by accident? Had she found him on his way to the gate where I was waiting? Did she mean to take him to the second field and leave him there? There were twenty questions: she gave never a sign. We passed through the hazel wood to the rearing field beyond: she gave me the merest glance as I opened the gate in the wire netting, and then walked humming a tune to the nearest coop. She stood for a minute opposite the coop, watching the anxious hen fluster and cluck and shuffle, with the little bundles of fluff peeping and perching about her wings; then she went on to the next coop, and so down the length of the rides mown in the field. Here and there she would stop and ask some question of a date of hatching, a mixture of food, a moping chick; and Payton, following her in sturdy gloom, answered her from the depths of his black beard. He was proud of his birds, and if he had been alone he would have delighted in showing them to a stranger; but that he should be dragged round his own rearing field by a mere girl, and told that this and that was wrong when he knew it to be wrong himself, and be compelled to reply to elementary questions of which he was quite aware the questioner knew the answer—it was a very unhappy predicament for a gamekeeper with some thirty years' experience of the ways of pheasants and partridges. She never let the unfortunate man escape; if he seemed to evade a point, to glide over a difficulty, to suggest some other inquiry instead of hers, he was brought back where she meant him to go for all the world like a puddock tied to a string. She was as relentless as—well, what was I comparing her to? Machinery—as certain and as heartless as a machine, I began saying; and then knew that there was nothing machine-like in that natural and inevitable pursuing. She was more wholly part of the scheme of life about her, she was more fully and deeply merged in the fibre of it, I told myself, than we who watched her. She was one blood with the life of the wood and hill and air, the life that sets so small a store on life; she was wild as the marten, as the otter goes wild. I knew why I should never call her cruel; I knew why, when I first saw the rain on her clothes, I had thought of rain on the coat of a deer.

We were long in our survey of the field and in the proper appraisement of its hens and broods; long enough for a wind to spring up and blow the rain over, and long enough for me to make up my mind to end the morning as soon as I might. If Payton had his reasons for disliking the way he was spending his time, I had mine. And when we came to the end of the last swathe in the grass, and there was a question of walking further to some half-dozen coops in a wood beyond, I made my excuses for getting back to the house and my train to London. She turned to speak to the keeper, and

as she turned a paper fluttered to the ground; the wind plucked at it and drifted it a yard or two away, among some cut branches lying near a coop. It was a telegraph form, and it lay open among the wet leaves; the single word "September" caught my eye as I picked it up. I handed it back, and stood occupied for a moment with the conventional trivialities of leave-taking. If the telegram had suggested any question in my mind, I did not mean to show it; but as she held out her hand a light danced into her eyes. She stood there, and her eyes took me back to yesterday.

"Good-bye," said I.

She said nothing, but the light danced up.

"It's just a date," she said.

And that time, as I turned round to look at the field from the ride in the wood, Dacia was looking back at me.

Eric Parker.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH CIVIL AND MILITARY AVIATION IN 1913.

I.

Bider has flown across the Alps several times; Brindejonc des Moulinais has travelled by the aerial highway from Paris to St. Petersburg and back to Paris; Daucourt, accompanied by M. Roux, has made an aerial voyage across the whole of Europe and Asia Minor in the hope of reaching Cairo in Africa; both Fourny and Hellen have covered 10,000 miles or more, flying on consecutive days, in all weathers, round a cross-country circuit of about 66 miles; Séguin has made a non-stop flight from Paris to Bordeaux and back, a total distance as the crow flies of over 645 miles; Garros has crossed the Mediterranean from St. Raphael to Bizerta, a distance of about 485 miles; Provost, competing in the annual Gordon-Bennett Aviation Cup Race, has travelled in the air at the speed of 124 miles an hour; Chévillard, Pégoud, Chanteloup, Garros, and many other French aviators, have dived from altitudes varying between 5000 and 4000 feet to the ground, and at other times descending from similar altitudes have turned somersaults in the air, tumbling and twisting about in a far more bewildering fashion than a tumbler pigeon; Vicomte Guy de Lynes d'Auteroche has demonstrated that it is comparatively easy and not dangerous to allow an aeroplane to flutter down to a few feet above the ground from any altitude; Lieutenant Stœffler has made an aerial raid of 1376 miles in less than twenty-four hours, &c. If further evidence of the marvellous rapidity with which aerial navigation is developing in France were required, it would be easy to enumerate hundreds of other achievements, to say nothing of the week-end outings so often indulged in by some dozen French amateur aviators, who use their aeroplanes like motor-cars for excursions.

It is not the place to go into technical details, but it is necessary to point out that though the general aspect of the various types of aeroplanes has not been greatly altered, their stability in the air has been increased, the carrying capacity of many of them considerably augmented by the curve given to the bearing surfaces, and that greater speed has been obtained by flattening out and shortening the wings so as to offer less resistance to the air. Weak parts of the framework have been strengthened, the landing gear improved, and yet the total weight of most aeroplanes compared with the

load they can carry has been considerably diminished. The motors, without which all the improvements in the flying machines would be useless, have also been made more reliable. Not long ago there existed no more than two types of fairly reliable aviation engines: now several others compete with them.

A few explanations concerning the most remarkable exploits accomplished in 1913 are necessary to show their respective importance from the point of view of the progress of aerial navigation. In crossing the Alps Bider showed confidence in his motor, which did not fail him. The only real danger attending the enterprise was the possibility of being obliged by a breakdown of his engine to descend on a glacier or on the top of a mountain, or again in some deep precipice where a landing would spell catastrophe. In rising to the altitude of 2000 or 3000 metres (9840 or 13,120 feet) he did not accomplish any very unusual exploit, as the world's record of altitude attained by an aeroplane belongs to Perreyon, who reached the height of 5880 metres (19,287 feet).

Daucourt's aerial voyage appealed strongly to the imagination of the general public, because it was projected to extend over three continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa. In reality it was a formidable undertaking, chiefly, and it may be said almost solely, on account of the preparations it necessitated. Depots of essence and oil had to be established throughout Asia Minor, and as it was indispensable to be able to effect repairs in case of accident, spare parts of the aeroplane and of the motor had to be sent to numerous places along the whole course of the voyage. The only important natural obstacle the aviator had to surmount was the Taurus range of mountains, the highest peak of which is, however, only 10,000 feet above sea-level. When they left Paris, both Daucourt and his passenger M. Roux regarded the enterprise in the light of an aerial trip, which they calculated would occupy about a fortnight, as they proposed to stop on the way to visit places of interest. However, Daucourt was unfortunate from the very outset. Minor accidents delayed him considerably, and when at length he reached the southern slope of the Taurus mountains he, in landing, damaged his machine beyond repair. Nevertheless he had accomplished more than three-quarters of his voyage. Brindejonc des Moulinais' aerial raid of close on 3000 miles across Europe to St. Petersburg and back to Paris, *vid* Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, was more remarkable on account of the imposing natural obstacles which had to be surmounted. The aviator had to fly over high mountains, vast plains and forests, and to cross the Baltic Sea and the Cattegat.

The achievements of Fourny and Hellen, undertaken with the object of capturing the Michelin Aviation Cup, were of a very different character from those of Bider, Daucourt, and Brindejonc des Moulinais. The regulations of the competition imposed on them the necessity of flying every day without exception, whatever the atmospheric conditions might be. In those daily flights round a cross-country circuit of about 66 miles, they had to cover each day on an average 50 kilometres (31 miles) per hour between sunrise and sunset. There aeroplanes were taken out of their hands at sunset every evening, and were locked up in a shed by the Aero Club officials, who only opened the door at sunrise the following day to permit the aviators to continue their "hard labor," as it was called. They could therefore only effect repairs to their flying machines or motors in the day, when

they had to maintain the average speed of flight of at least 31 miles an hour during the whole time the sun remained above the horizon. In the course of those daily flights both Fourny and Hellen met with extremely rough weather. They had to contend against storms of wind, torrents of rain, and, what was worse, on several occasions, with fog. Those performances were probably the most remarkable proof of the strength and satisfactory construction of the aeroplanes and of the reliability of their motors that has ever been given, especially as, to comply with the conditions of the competition, Fourny and Hellen had to descend to earth to sign the register at the end of each round of the 66-mile circuit. Séguin's non-stop flight from Buc, near Versailles, to Bordeaux and back to Buc, was a striking demonstration of the reliability of his motor; but the distance of 645 miles covered was not much superior to that of Fourny's non-stop flight of 630 miles made in September 1912.

With regard to Garros' non-stop flight across the Mediterranean, in which he covered about 485 miles in a trifle less than eight hours, the best that can be said of it is that it showed the aviator had confidence both in his flying machine and the motor propelling it. Though M. Barthou, the Prime Minister, telegraphed his congratulations immediately he learned the successful issue of the perilous undertaking, and subsequently bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor on the bold aviator, the fact remains that the only exceptional feature of the performance was that the non-stop flight was accomplished under conditions which must have almost inevitably transformed an accident to either the flying apparatus or the motor into a terrible disaster. Non-stop flights of eight hours, while not common, have been made over and over again, therefore, from that point of view, Garros did nothing very extraordinary, and he is scarcely pardonable for risking his life simply to make a sensation. On reaching Marseilles on his way back to Paris after the exploit, he admitted he at more than one moment during the crossing considered he had but little chance of avoiding a fatal plunge into the sea. He had not yet reached Corsica when a reacting spring of an exhaust valve flew off. Fortunately the centrifugal force of the rotary motor sufficed to keep the valve working, but the accident seriously disturbed the equilibrium of the engine, thus causing an extremely disagreeable and dangerous vibration of the aeroplane, and diminishing its speed. When still at a distance of 70 or 75 miles from Bizerta, he discovered his tank no longer contained more than 20 litres of essence. He admits his anguish at that time was intense, especially as he was twice the victim of mirage. He saw what he believed to be land, and steered towards it, only to see it vanish. He had pretty nearly lost all hope when he descried three black spots on the wide expanse of water. They were the torpedo-boats the Minister of the Marine had ordered to put to sea to meet him. He was saved, but when he landed on African soil his essence tank was as good as empty. Though Garros' exploit was foolhardy and useless, it is probable that within a shorter delay than most people imagine the crossing of the Mediterranean on hydro-aeroplanes will become a common, if not daily, occurrence. Already the flying apparatus is sufficiently perfect to inspire confidence in its strength to weather almost any storm, and its stability and the improved skill of the aerial pilots have reduced the danger of an accident, due to the condition of the at-

mosphere, to a minimum. The only really great risk run by the pilot of an aerial craft heavier than air while navigating over the sea consists in the still too great unreliability of the aviation motors. Non-stop flights of thirteen hours have been made with certain aviation engines, but the same motors sometimes break down after working a very short time. When the aviation motors can be relied on to work as continuously as a steam-engine, the aerial pilot who may undertake a cross-sea voyage, such as that made by Garros, will not run any much greater risk than the aviator travelling over land, on the condition, however, that he carry sufficient essence on his machine to enable him to reach his destination.

At the annual Gordon-Bennett Aviation Cup Race held at Betheny (Rheims), the winning monoplane covered the 124 miles in 59 m. 45 3-5 s.—that is to say, it travelled at an average speed of 124 5-16 miles an hour. Though sensational, the performances of the competitors in that race cannot be said to have greatly furthered the cause of aviation, because the flying apparatuses with which such high speed was attained were universally recognized to be utterly useless for all practical purposes. It was consequently decided to modify the conditions of the annual aerial Derby. A preliminary test of comparatively slow flight will be imposed on all the machines entered to compete in the race. If that be done, the Gordon-Bennett Aviation Cup Race will not, as heretofore, encourage the creation of "freak" machines, but stimulate constructors to build aeroplanes capable of attaining high speed—perhaps not 124 miles an hour—and at the same time of maintaining themselves in the air at a sufficiently low speed to deprive the landing of any special danger. Though speed is undoubtedly a very desirable quality, the machine which possesses it cannot be regarded as constituting a useful progress if no one but a most expert aviator can pilot it, and even he at the risk of his life. To attempt to land with the monoplanes used at Betheny this year on anything like rough ground would inevitably spell disaster.

When Chévillard commenced his twists in the air, and plunging descents, they were qualified as "acrobatic tricks," and condemned by many people who saw nothing in them but the means of gaining popularity with its consequent pecuniary advantages. However, if Chévillard was or was not inspired with the desire to make a little fortune, even at the risk of his life, it is now recognized his "acrobatic" performances did much to give confidence to aviators in general, because his eccentricities of flight showed that it is possible for an aerial pilot, if he preserves his presence of mind, to right his machine even from positions which were previously regarded as inevitably leading to catastrophe. The lessons he thus taught were soon learned. Pégoud, Chévillard himself, Garros, Chanteloup, and numerous other aviators, outdoing Chévillard's first exploits, purposely upset their machines in the air, looped the loop, flew with their head downwards, replaced their respective aeroplanes in the normal horizontal position, reascended to giddy heights from which they dived down perpendicularly, or nearly so, and landed safely.

Vicomte Guy de Lynes d'Auteroche, who unfortunately lost his life while attempting to loop the loop in the air, was nevertheless a very skilful military aviator. He distinguished himself at the autumn manœuvres, and at the same time rendered signal service to military aviation. He was ordered to fly over a certain place, on which

he was to drop imaginary bombs. Not having practised bomb-dropping, he was conscious that if, in the case of real hostilities, he tried to throw bombs from his aeroplane travelling at a speed of 50 or 60 miles an hour, he would almost certainly miss his aim, but that if he could make his machine remain stationary over the spot he wished to hit, his task would be easy. He therefore decided to attempt to make a perpendicular descent over the place which he had been ordered to destroy with imaginary bombs. He effected the manœuvre by placing his aeroplane head to the wind, which at the time was blowing at the speed of about 35 miles an hour, and then, slackening his motor till the flying machine remained stationary in the air, he allowed it to flutter down comparatively slowly while constantly preserving its horizontal position. When within about 200 or 300 feet of the ground he set his motor going full speed, and effected a landing in the usual manner. Later on Vicomte d'Auteroche repeated the experiment many times at the Buc Aerodrome, with passengers accompanying him on his aeroplane. The vertical descent, the utility of which is self-evident, is devoid of any special danger when effected in that manner, and it can be made without difficulty by any ordinarily skilful pilot. It is almost needless to add that, instead of landing after such a descent, the aviator can, if he chooses, continue flight.

Lieutenant Stœffler's aerial raid of 1376 miles in less than twenty-four hours is noteworthy, not simply because it far surpassed the world's record of 869 miles in one day, established by Brindejonc des Moulinais in the month of June last, but because about a third of the voyage was effected during the hours of darkness. That German aviator's very remarkable feat was a disagreeable surprise to the French, who had too long indulged in the fallacious idea that the stolid German could never become a good aviator. Their national *amour propre* was so wounded by the performance that some journals tried to find consolation in the fact that Stœffler is an Alsatian, and consequently only German by right of conquest. However, almost at the same time the German aviator Hirth vanquished a strong team of French aviators at the hydro-aeroplane race over the Italian lakes and rivers. Piloting an all-German machine, he covered the 370-kilometre (229·1-2 mile) course in 3 h. 31 m. 50·1-5 s.; whereas Garros and Fischer, each piloting an all-French hydro-aeroplane, occupied respectively 3 h. 41 m. 52·1-5 s. and 4 h. 14 m. 54·3-5 s. in reaching their destination. Though Hirth was ultimately disqualified, because he failed to perform the altitude test, the French aviators, of whom there were half a dozen in the race, all piloting French machines, were beaten by the only German aviator participating in the contest. Stœffler's exploit of travelling by night showed undeniable courage and skill, but it cannot be said to have demonstrated any particular progress in aerial navigation any more than Hirth's victory in the Italian lakes hydro-aeroplane race. But those performances show that the French must continue to exert themselves if they wish to preserve the considerable advance they still possess in aviation over all other nations.

If the foregoing deductions are as correct as the writer believes them to be, it would seem undeniable that as a demonstration of the progress made in the construction of aeroplanes and in aerial navigation during 1913, the performances of Fourny and Hellen and the "acrobatic" flights of Chévillard, Pégoud, Garros, Chanteloup, &c., are the most convincing. Fourny and Hellen by their daily long cross-country aerial voyages in all weathers,

and often in storms of wind, of which the velocity was sometimes almost, if not quite, equal to the speed of their respective aeroplanes, showed that well-constructed biplanes and monoplanes can be depended on to perform service in almost every condition of the atmosphere. The exploits of Chévillard, Pégoud, Garros, Chanteloup, &c., leave no doubt concerning the incorrectness of the assertions of the theorists who formerly gave scientific proof on paper that when once the air pressure is transferred from the lower to the upper side of the bearing surfaces of an aeroplane it cannot possibly be re-transferred back to the lower side, and that consequently the machine must come to the ground.

Every means of locomotion entails risk, and unfortunately in the whole world between 330 and 350 persons have lost their lives in aeroplane accidents. The number is considerable, but it is consoling to know that compared with the distance flown fatalities are becoming less frequent. Though the statistics compiled in various countries do not absolutely coincide, they all prove that flight is becoming much less dangerous, if it cannot yet be called safe. The English periodical, "Popular Mechanics," has published statistics, according to which, in 1910 one fatal accident occurred for every 20,000 miles flown, in 1911 one fatal accident for every 30,000 miles flown, and in 1912 one fatal accident for every 107,000 miles flown. In 1913 the number of miles flown was at least double that covered in the air in 1912, yet the fatal accidents have not been of more frequent occurrence. When reliable statistics are published, they will perhaps show a larger number of persons have lost their lives in aeroplane accidents, but that will be accounted for by the more frequent presence of two or more persons on aerial craft, and the consequent loss of more than one life in one single accident. In any case, it is no exaggeration to say that at the end of 1913 flight had been made twice, if not three times, safer than it was in 1912. With the now existing more perfect flying apparatus and the greatly improved skill of aerial pilots in general, accidents in the air are becoming very rare. The risks attending aerial navigation are not so much in flight itself as in landing after flight. Nevertheless the landing chassis have been so immensely improved that an experienced pilot can now bring his machine to the ground safely almost anywhere, if he is not piloting a purely racing aeroplane like the monoplanes used at the Gordon-Bennett Cup contest. Only the other day, Irat, a French aviator, renowned for the number and length of his aerial raids while performing his military service, was liberated from the active army. He affirms that during his two years' service he effected safely, on all descriptions of ground, at the lowest estimate, as many as 3000 landings without ever damaging his flying machine.

The aerial science has already reached a point which defies attack. Its further progress towards perfection is as inevitable as the diffusion of light by the rising sun. Yet its development may be assisted or delayed. Unfortunately, the measures the Governments of the great European Powers have taken with the object of insuring their national defence are calculated to hinder most seriously the continuation of the rapid advancement of aviation. Certainly no one could for a moment entertain the idea of accusing any State of seeking to suppress flight; but the number and extent of zones round fortified positions, military camps, naval ports, arsenals, &c., over which flight is prohibited, constitutes a grievous impediment for aviators. On certain frontiers those in-

terdicted zones form a veritable barrier, or leave nothing but a narrow channel through which the aerial pilot can with difficulty thread his way. And as fortifications are for the most part raised to prevent the easy access of hostile troops into the country by valleys and plains—which are, of course, most propitious for flight—the aviator, to avoid passing over interdicted zones, is frequently obliged to ascend and fly over mountainous regions, entailing additional risk of accident. The regulations concerning the descent of aerial pilots within interdicted zones are not only severe against aerial travellers coming from a foreign country, but also against native pilots. In the case of an aerial vessel—steerable balloon or aeroplane—landing either intentionally or unintentionally, or again in compliance with signals from the earth, it is seized by the authorities and not allowed to leave before a number of vexatious formalities have been accomplished. It goes without saying that in the case of any attempt at spying having been discovered, the airship is confiscated and the guilty persons arrested.

No true patriot can object to the punishment of a spy; and since it is believed by most people that really important secrets of national defence can be surprised by flight over fortified places, the enactment of even most exceptionally severe penalties against all persons convicted of aerial spying would be received with satisfaction in the aviation world. But the pilot who comes to the ground within the limits of an interdicted zone should not, without proof of guilt, be treated as a criminal.

In spite of their severity, the regulations are not likely to prove an effectual safeguard against aerial spying. Admitting that secrets of national defence can be surprised by flight over certain places—which, however, is contestable—it is most improbable a spy would willingly come to earth within an interdicted zone; and if he descended beyond its limits no one would have the right to molest him, unless it were proved he had in reality flown over the prohibited land. Only in the case of the machine and pilot coming from abroad could they be detained for an inquiry. In most cases it would be very difficult to prove the violation of the regulations concerning flight over an interdicted zone, because the spy would certainly not descend to earth, unless constrained to do so by the break-down of his motor, within sight of the place where he had committed his crime. Already aeroplanes can be relied on to remain in the air for many hours, travelling at the speed of 65 or 70 miles an hour. The record of the duration of flight is over thirteen hours, and that of the distance covered without stopping over 625 miles. It is therefore evident a spy could come from a very long distance and escape far beyond the reach of the persons who might have witnessed the perpetration of his spying. He might have come from a foreign country, and he could return to it. As for the danger he would run from rifle or other fire while flying over an interdicted zone, it would not be very serious, firstly because the persons within the zone would not be prepared for recourse to that extreme measure, and, secondly, even supposing they were prepared, the rapidity of flight of an aeroplane makes it a difficult target to hit. And to bring it down the pilot himself must be killed or wounded, or some vital part of the machine seriously injured. The wings of an aeroplane may be riddled with bullets without preventing the continuation of flight. Moreover, if an aerial pilot undertook a spying expedition, he would probably

use an armor-plated machine, in which both he and his motor would be protected effectually against rifle-fire from the earth beneath him. For these and other reasons the present severe restrictions placed on flight over fortified places do not seem likely to prove effectual against any really determined attempt at spying. Their utility, if it be admitted they have any, would, however, be considerably increased by every aerial craft being, like every automobile, provided with a number which should be painted under its wings in figures a yard or more long. To succeed in his perfidious task a spy would be constrained to descend sufficiently low to render the figures legible for persons on the ground.

Many competent judges declare interdicted zones have been created in all countries over numerous places where their utility is most problematical, and that in almost every case the extent of the zone is unnecessarily large. For instance, the 10-kilometre (61-4 miles) radius round fortresses cannot be regarded as anything but exaggeratedly excessive. A 5-kilometre radius would be more than sufficient. Supposing an aeroplane rose on the outskirts of that radius to the height of 2500 metres—that is to say, to half the distance separating it from the fort—the angle of vision of its pilot would be sufficiently acute to prevent him from discovering anything of interest, even if his sight could penetrate so far. And if the height were increased, though the angle of vision would become less and less acute, the greater altitude would render all useful observations impossible. That is the opinion, based on experience, of the French civil aviation authorities, and it is shared by French military men. Indeed, General Baillaud goes so far as to affirm there is no secret in a fort which can be surprised by an aviator flying over it. In any case, the severity of the restrictions put on flight are deemed in France so detrimental to the progress of the aerial science, that both the Aero Club of France and the French National Aerial League have appealed to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, urging him to take the initiative of summoning an International Conference or Commission to examine the question of interdicted zones. By requesting the foreign Governments to appoint delegates to participate in the labors of the Conference or Commission, the French authorities would indicate their willingness to set the example of suppressing useless zones, and of reducing the extent of those zones over which it may deem it prudent to maintain the interdiction to the dimensions strictly necessary for the safety of national defence. At the same time, the Aero Club of France has written to Prince Roland Bonaparte, President of the International Aeronautic Federation, informing him officially of the painful sensation caused by the creation of the exaggeratedly extensive interdicted zones, and requesting him to call the attention of all the federated clubs to the matter, with the object of "giving the movement of opinion which manifests itself that amplitude and unanimity which will secure success and safeguard the vital interests of aerial navigation, without in any way wounding the susceptibilities of any nation or compromising its national safety."

In connection with the projected International Conference or Commission for the study of the question of interdicted zones, it is important to note that the British Government was responsible for the break-up of the International Conference of Aerial Navigation held in Paris between 18th May and 29th June 1910. At its last sitting Rear-Admiral Gamble, the chief of the

British delegation, read the following declaration: "By the order of its Government the British delegation has the honor to propose the adjournment of the Conference. That proposal is made because the British Government considers the great importance of the questions treated by the Commission renders it necessary for the Government itself to examine those questions exhaustively before the draft convention be approved." The Conference then adjourned, nominally till the 29th November 1910, but it never reassembled. However, awaiting the conclusion of a comprehensive international treaty regulating international aerial navigation, France and Germany found it necessary, after the landing of a great Zeppelin at Lunéville, to conclude an arrangement regulating aerial traffic between the two countries. It was based on the work done by the Commissions of the 1910 International Conference. The identical note establishing the *modus vivendi* was signed last August in Berlin by M. de Jagow, German Foreign Minister, and M. Jules Cambon, French Ambassador in the German capital. It gives all flying machines (dirigibles, aeroplanes, and ordinary balloons) belonging to private individuals the right to navigate the air over the territories of the two contracting States. The pilots and passengers must be provided with papers establishing their identity. If a military airship (dirigible or aeroplane) should cross the frontier inadvertently, by stress of weather or by any other unavoidable circumstance, it should immediately descend to earth. In the case of the military authorities recognizing the good faith of the pilot and passengers of the foreign airship, the crew will enjoy the advantages of ex-territoriality—that is to say, the crew cannot be arrested. However, a French civil aviator, who may wish to make a voyage to Germany, should obtain the written permission of the German Ambassador in Paris, or of a German Consul, to penetrate over German territory, and a German pilot coming to France should apply to the French Ambassador in Berlin, or to a French Consul, for permission to cross the frontier. It goes without saying that each of the contracting Governments reserved for itself the right to interdict flight over such places as it might judge necessary in the interest of national defence. It was what was regarded as the abusive use of that right by both France and Germany which led to the present campaign for the summoning of an international Conference or Commission to examine the question of the possibility of restricting the number and extent of the interdicted zones. The Franco-German *modus vivendi* stipulates equal treatment for native and foreign aerial pilots who may descend within an interdicted zone. No airship (dirigible or aeroplane) which may come to the ground within such a zone can leave it without the permission of the military authorities. The consequence has been that in France the native civil pilots have been the first to feel the inconvenience of the arrangement. For instance Vedrines, having flown from Paris to Nancy, was detained there several days because at first he refused to demand the necessary permission to leave that interdicted zone.

T. F. Farman.

Blackwood's Magazine. (*To be concluded.*)

THE BI-CENTENARY OF LAURENCE STERNE.*

It is exactly two hundred years to-night since there was born, at Clonmel, in Ireland, a son to a subaltern in an English regiment just home from the Low Countries. "My birthday," Laurence Sterne tells us, "was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children." The life of the new baby was one of perpetual hurry and scurry; his mother, who had been an old campaigner, daughter of what her son calls "a noted suttler" called Nuttle, had been the widow of a soldier before she married Roger Sterne. In the extraordinary fashion of the army of those days, the regiment was hurried from place to place—as was that of the father of the infant Borrow a century later—and with it hastened the unhappy Mrs. Sterne, for ever bearing and for ever losing children, "most rueful journeys," marked by a long succession of little tombstones left behind. Finally, at Gibraltar, the weary father, pugnacious to the last, picked a quarrel about a goose and was pinked through the body, surviving in a thoroughly damaged condition, to die, poor exhausted pilgrim of Bellona, in barracks in Jamaica.

It would be difficult to imagine a childhood better calculated than this to encourage pathos in a humorist and fun in a sentimentalist. His account, in his brief autobiography, of the appearance and disappearance of his hapless brothers and sisters is a proof of how early life appealed to Laurence Sterne in the dappled colors of an April day. We read there of how at Wicklow "we lost poor Joram, a pretty boy"; how "Anne, that pretty blossom, fell in the barracks of Dublin"; how little Devijehar was "left behind" in Carrickfergus. We know not whether to sob or to giggle, so tragic is the rapid catalogue of dying babies, so ridiculous are their names and fates. Here, then, I think, we have revealed to us the prime characteristic of Sterne, from which all his other characteristics branch away, for evil or for good. As no other writer since Shakespeare, and in a different and perhaps more intimate way than even Shakespeare, he possessed the key of those tears that succeed the hysteria of laughter, and of that laughter which succeeds the passion of tears. From early childhood, and all through youth and manhood, he had been collecting observations upon human nature in these rapidly alternating moods.

He observed it in its frailty, but being exquisitely frail himself, he was no satirist. A breath of real satire would blow down the whole delicate fabric of *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. Sterne pokes fun at people and things; he banters the extravagance of private humor; but it is always with a consciousness that he is himself more extravagant than anyone. If we compare him for a moment with Richardson, who buttonholes the reader in a sermon; or with Smollett, who snarls and bites like an angry beast; we feel at once that Sterne could not breathe in the stuffiness of the one or in the tempest of the other. Sympathy is the breath of his nostrils, and he cannot exist except in a tender, merry relation with his readers. His own ideal, surely, is that which he attributed to the fantastic and gentle Yorick, who never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of old and young. "Labor

* Address delivered to the Authors' Club, November 24, 1913.

stood still as he passed; the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well; the spinning-wheel forgot its round, even chuck-farthing and shuffle cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight." Like Yorick, Sterne loved a jest in his heart.

There are, it seems to me, two distinct strains in the intellectual development of Sterne, and I should like to dwell upon them for a moment, because I think a lack of recognition of them has been apt to darken critical counsel in the consideration of his writings. You will remember that he was forty-six years of age before he took up the business of literature seriously. Until that time he had been a country parson in Yorkshire, carrying his body, that "cadaverous bale of goods," from Sutton to Stillington, and from Stillington to Skelton. He had spent his life in riding, shooting, preaching, joking, and philandering in company, and after a fashion, most truly reprehensible from a clerical point of view, yet admirably fitted to prepare such an artist for his destined labors as a painter of the oddities of average Englishmen. But by the side of this indolent search after the enjoyment of the hour, Sterne cultivated a formidable species of literature in which he had so few competitors that, in after years, his indolence prompted him to plagiarize freely from sources which, surely, no human being would discover. He steeped himself in the cumbrous learning of those writers of the Renaissance in whom congested Latin is found tottering into colloquial French. He studied Rabelais perhaps more deeply than any other Englishman of his time, and certainly Beroalde de Verville, Bruscambille, and other absurdities of the sixteenth century were familiar to him and to him alone in England.

Hence, when Sterne began to write, there were two streams flowing in his brain, and these were, like everything else about him, inconsistent with one another. The faithful tender color of modern life competed with the preposterous oddity of burlesque erudition. When he started the annals of Tristram Shandy, the Rabelais vein was in the ascendant, and there is plenty of evidence that it vastly dazzled and entertained readers of that day. But it no longer entertains us very much, and it is the source of considerable injustice done by modern criticism to the real merits of Sterne. When so acute a writer as Bagehot condemns much of *Tristram Shandy* as "a sort of antediluvian fun, in which uncouth saurian jokes play idly in an unintelligible world," he hits the nail on the head of why so many readers nowadays turn with impatience from that work. But they should persevere, for Sterne himself saw his error, and gradually dropped the "uncouth saurian jokes" which he had filched out of Burton and Beroalde, relying more and more exclusively on his own rich store of observations taken directly from human nature. In the adorable seventh volume of *Tristram*, and in *The Sentimental Journey*, there is nothing left of Rabelais except a certain rambling artifice of style.

The death of Sterne, at the age of fifty-four, is one of those events which must be continually regretted, because to the very end of his life he was growing in ease and ripeness, was discovering more perfect modes of self-expression, and was purging himself of his compromising intellectual frailties. It is true that from the very first his excellences were patent. The portrait of my Uncle Toby, which Hazlitt truly said is "one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature," occurs, or rather begins, in the second volume of *Tristram Shandy*. But the marvellous portraits which the early sections of that work con-

tain are to some extent obscured, or diluted, by the author's determination to gain piquancy by applying old methods to new subjects. Frankly, much as I love Sterne, I find Kunastrockius and Lithopaedus a bore. I suspect they have driven more than one modern reader away from the enjoyment of *Tristram Shandy*.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century a leading Dissenting minister, the Rev. Joseph Fawcett, said in answer to a question: "Do I *like* Sterne? Yes, to be sure, I should deserve to be hanged if I didn't!" That was the attitude of thoughtful and scrupulous people of cultivation more than one hundred years ago. But it was their attitude only on some occasions. There is no record of the fact, but I am ready to believe that Mr. Fawcett may, with equal sincerity, have said that Sterne was a godless wretch. We know that Bishop Warburton presented him with a purse of gold, in rapturous appreciation of his talents, and then in a different mood described him as "an irrevocable scoundrel." No one else has ever flourished in literature who has combined such alternating powers of attraction and repulsion. We like Sterne extremely at one moment, and we dislike him no less violently at another. He is attar of roses to-day and asafœtida to-morrow, and it is not by any means easy to define the elements which draw us towards him and away from him. Like Yorick, he had "a wild way of talking," and he wrote impetuously and impudently "in the naked temper which a merry heart discovered." As he "seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humor, his jibes and his jests, about him."

So that even if he had been merely Yorick, Sterne would have had manifold opportunities of giving offence and causing scandal. But he was not only a humorist with "a thousand little sceptical notions to defend," but he was a sentimentalist as well. These two characteristics he was constantly mingling, or trying to mingle, since sentimentality and humor are in reality like oil and wine. He would exasperate his readers by throwing his wig in their faces at the moment when they were weeping, or put them out of countenance by ending a farcical story on a melancholy note. A great majority of Englishmen like to be quite sure of the tone of what they read; they wish an author to be straightforward; they dread irony and they loathe impishness. Now Sterne is the most impish of all imaginative writers. He is what our grandmothers, in describing the vagaries of the nursery, used to call "a limb of Satan." Tristram Shandy, in his light-hearted way, declared that "there's not so much difference between good and evil as the world is apt to imagine." No doubt that is so, but the world does not like its preachers to play fast and loose with moral definitions.

The famous sensibility of Sterne was a reaction against the seriousness, the ponderosity, of previous prose literature in England. We talk of the heaviness of the eighteenth century, but the periods of even such masters of solid rhetoric as Johnson and Gibbon are light as thistledown in comparison with the academic prose of the seventeenth century. Before the eighteenth century is called lumbering, let us set a page of Hume against a page of Hobbes, or a passage out of Berkeley by a passage out of Selden. Common justice is seldom done to the steady clarification of English prose between 1660 and 1750, but it was kept within formal lines until the sensitive recklessness of Sterne broke

up the mould, and gave it the flying forms of a cloud or a wave. He owed this beautiful inspiration to what Nietzsche, as Mr. Herman Scheffauer has aptly reminded us, calls his "squirrel-soul," which leaped from bough to bough, and responded without a trace of conventional restraint to every gust of emotion. Well might Goethe be inspired to declare that Sterne was the most emancipated spirit of his century.

His very emancipation gives us the reason why Sterne's admirers nowadays are often divided in their allegiance to him. A frequent part of his humor deals very flippantly with subjects that are what we have been taught to consider indelicate or objectionable. It is worse than useless to try to explain this foible of his away, because he was aware of it and did it on purpose. He said that "nothing but the more gross and carnal parts of a composition will go down." His indecency was objected to in his own age, but not with any excluding severity. And I would like to call your attention to the curious conventionality of our views on this subject. Human nature does not change, but it changes its modes of expression. In the eighteenth century very grave people, even bishops, allowed themselves, in their relaxed moments, great license in jesting. Yet they would have been scandalized by the tragic treatment of sex by our more audacious novelists of to-day. We are still interested in these matters, but we have agreed not to joke about them. I read the other day a dictum of one of those young gentlemen who act as our moral policemen: he prophesied that a jest on a sexual subject would, in twenty years, be not merely reprehensible, as it is now, but unintelligible. Very proper, no doubt, only do not let us call this morality, it is only a change of habits.

Sterne is not suited to readers who are disheartened at irrelevancy. It is part of his charm, and it is at the same time his most whimsical habit, never to proceed with his story when you expect him to do so, and to be reminded by his own divagations of delightful side-issues which lead you, entranced, whither you had no intention of going. He did not merely not shun occasions of being irrelevant, but he sought them out and eagerly cultivated them. Remember that a whole chapter of *Tristram* is devoted to the *attitude* of Corporal Trim as he prepared himself to read the Sermon. Sterne kept a stable of prancing, plump little hobby-horses, and he trotted them out upon every occasion. But this is what makes his books the best conversational writing in the English language. He writes for all the world exactly as though he were talking at his ease, and we listen enchanted to the careless, frolicking, idle, penetrating speaker who builds up for us so nonchalantly, with persistent but unobtrusive touch upon touch, the immortal figures of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, Yorick, the Widow Wadman, and so many more.

This, I am inclined to think, in drawing this brief sketch to an end, is Sterne's main interest for ourselves. He broke up the rhetorical manner of composition, or, rather, he produced an alternative manner which was gradually accepted and is in partial favor still. I would ask you to read for yourselves the scene of the ass who blocked the way for Tristram at Lyons, and to consider how completely new that method of describing, of facing a literary problem, was in 1765. I speak here to an audience of experts, to a company of authors who are accustomed to a close consideration of the workmanship of their *métier*. I ask them where, at all events in English, anything like that

scene had been found before the days of Sterne. Since those days we have never been without it. To trace the Shandean influence down English literature for the last century and a half would take me much too long for your patience. Perhaps some other speaker, in the course of this discussion, may dilate upon it. But in Dickens, in Carlyle, even in Ruskin, the Shandean element is often present and not rarely predominant. None of those great men would have expressed himself exactly as he does but for Laurence Sterne. And coming down to our own time, I see the influence of Sterne everywhere. The pathos of Sir James Barrie is intimately related to that of the creator of Uncle Toby and Maria of Moulines, while I am not sure that of all the books which Stevenson read it was not the *Sentimental Journey* which made the deepest impression upon him. Finally, let me say that what I regard as perhaps the most charming volume of autobiography published during the last ten years, the *Path to Rome* of my friend Mr. Hilaire Belloc, could never have been composed if Laurence Sterne had never lived.

Edmund Gosse.

The English Review.

THE LADY IN THE BLUE VEIL.

She was the very first person that we noticed among the crowd of passengers who with their friends filled the promenade-deck of s.s. *Bussorah.*

It was our first voyage together, for Marjorie and I were newly married then, in the early eighties, and we had gone straight below directly we came on board and settled our belongings in our cabin, as becomes experienced travellers. At least I was that, and Marjorie was still in the submissive stage of married life, when she followed my lead willingly. That business being well over, we were free to look about us, and take notes of our future companions. Rather an important matter that, for in the days of which I write a voyage to India lasted a good month,—and among them all, the first who attracted us both was the lady in the blue veil.

She stood leaning on the rail of the ship, isolated from every one, not looking at the crowd on the wharf, and apparently quite unmoved by the leave-takings which were going on all round her. Apart from it all, she was gazing, with a curious air of expectancy, in the direction in which we should so soon be moving. There were other women as solitary (there always must be at the beginning of a voyage), but none who looked so extraordinarily aloof and alone.

There was something distinctive also in her appearance. She was small and slightly made, very neat in dress and figure, with fair hair closely coiled on a well-shaped head, and a hat securely fastened on. She wore suitable clothes, too, and without being what you would describe as fashionable, she looked just right, unmistakably a lady, and surely a pretty one. I don't know why I should have expected that from only seeing her back, and yet I did. Perhaps the thick blue gauze veil which was wound round her hat, covering her face and completely envelopping her head, had something to do with it. I thought, I suppose, that she was protecting a lovely complexion from the sea-air. Anyhow, the idea that her whole personality conveyed to me was: firstly, that here was a very pretty woman; and

secondly, that she was waiting—waiting for some one, or something. Marjorie thought so too, for she murmured in my ear, "I wonder who she is waiting for, Dick? Isn't she nice and pretty,—I am sure we shall like her. I wish she would look round."

As she spoke the woman we were watching turned, and we saw why she wore a veil. It came almost as a shock, the reality was such a blow to our expectations, and so contrary to the impression her general appearance had given us; for the face we had thought would be beautiful was marked from brow to chin with the disfiguring signs of smallpox. The perfect oval remained, but the lines of the features were blurred, the nose thickened, the complexion faded, the whole effect as of a picture over which some careless hand had rubbed a cloth before the paint had dried. From this ruin a pair of the bluest eyes I have ever seen met mine for a moment, with a look that said as plainly as words, "I know that I am a horrid sight, but oh, don't let me see that you think so." It was only a look, and then she passed quickly by us and was gone,—leaving us only trusting that our expressions had not betrayed our feelings.

"Oh, Dick, how awful! The poor thing," gasped my wife in my ear. "And I was sure she was pretty. What can have happened to her?"

"She's had smallpox badly, poor lady," I answered, for in my wanderings I had seen the result of bad cases before.

"She's got the cabin opposite to us. I think I saw her there," went on Marjorie presently. "I shall try to make friends with her. Did you notice, Dick, she looked at us as if she thought we'd *hate* to see her? No one could be so brutal as to let her see that, could they?"

"I hope not," I said; but looking down at Marjorie's pretty face as she lifted it to me then, with her fair English rosiness, pureness of outline, and look of healthy cleanness, I could not help realizing what the loss of all that must mean to the other woman. "I am afraid it must make a difference, but no decent fellow would let her see it," I answered.

"I wonder if she's married?" said Marjorie thoughtfully. "The poor thing."

There was a world of pity in her voice, and I knew my kind-hearted wife was planning how best she could help without showing too plainly the pity she felt,—for we both knew instinctively that this was one of those cases where to be of any use considerable tact would be needed.

But after all, some days passed before we made the acquaintance of the woman who had enlisted our sympathies: for no sooner did we reach the open sea than we came in for one of the worst storms it has been my lot to encounter. The *Bussorah* was not a good boat, and she pitched and rolled and wallowed all through the Bay and well on into the Mediterranean. The weather, in fact, was so bad that very few of the men even showed up on deck, and no women. The stewardesses had orders from the captain to keep the ladies in their cabins as long as possible, and they, for the most part, were only too thankful to obey. Certainly the deck was no place for women-folk, for there was not a dry spot anywhere, and the bitter winds drove even the hardiest of the men into the shelter of the smoking-room, where the hours dragged slowly by, with the help of whist and small-talk. I knew some of the other passengers, and it was from one of them, Lindsay, a captain in the Gunners, that I learnt that the lady in the blue veil was a Mrs. Carthew, the wife of a Major Carthew in a Bengal Cav-

alry regiment. Lindsay had noticed her too, but he was a chivalrous sort of a fellow, and naturally neither he nor I made any reference to her looks, though I am sure that we each knew what was in the mind of the other. He had met Carthew, and though he did not say that either, I knew, as well as if he had told me, that he didn't think much of him.

Well, the bad weather ended at last, and one by one the victims of seasickness crept up on deck, and before many days had passed we had all forgotten the miseries of the storm, and settled down to enjoy the rest of the voyage. My wife, who was always a most popular young person, soon made friends in all directions; but still, as is always the case in a crowded ship, people formed their own little sets, with whom they sat at table, promenaded the deck, and generally passed their days. Our particular set was composed chiefly of old friends of mine: there was Mrs. Raymond (the wife of my colonel, who was going out to rejoin her husband after a year at home with her children, a real good sort, and I was very glad that she and Marjorie had taken so kindly to each other), a captain and Mrs. Clark (he was in the Gunners), various unattached men who came and went, and Lindsay. He was a cousin of Mrs. Raymond's, otherwise we should not have seen so much of him, for he was a reserved, shy man, a great sportsman, and not at all given to ladies' society, but I fancy they liked him all the better for that. We had a very good time together, and the days passed quickly, in a pleasant kind of monotony.

You must not think, though, that we had forgotten Mrs. Carthew. It really was her own fault that she was still so solitary, for I am sure Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Clark, and my wife had all done their best to draw her into our circle. It was not that she was shy, or that she rebuffed them pointedly; they all knew her, to the extent, that is, of exchanging a few words with her morning or evening, and my wife, who was the most persistent in her endeavor to make friends, used occasionally to sit talking to her for a few minutes; but they never got any further, and as for Lindsay and myself, we were ready and willing to get her chair into a comfortable corner, to fetch and carry for her, as one always does for lonely women on a voyage, to be friendly if she would only have allowed us; but she wouldn't. You cannot talk to a woman who has her chair arranged right against the rails, and whose sunshade completely blocks out the rest of the world—especially when she makes it very plain that she wishes to be let alone. So, in spite of all our efforts, we had failed, and Mrs. Carthew remained as apart from the life of the rest of us as if she were on another planet, and through it all she maintained that curious air of waiting—of frightened expectancy—for what? She really hardly seemed to be living in the present at all, only in the future, and as though she had no mind to spare for anything else; but all this was in the first ten days of our voyage, and in a month many things may happen; and in this case they did.

We were sitting chatting one morning in our usual group, and the talk had turned on courage—I don't remember how. We had given instances of various forms of courage, and my wife was arguing that it would be far braver for her to display courage than for Lindsay, for instance; because she said that she was naturally a coward, and he wasn't; and he was becoming very embarrassed, when our captain—Meade was his name—came rolling along on his morning rounds,

and stopped to listen to the chaff.

We all liked the captain, because, though he was captain of the ship, and no mistake about it, he gave himself no airs, and was a capital fellow, and very good company besides. There were some very big-wigs of civilians on the ship, and we were quite small fry, but the captain's father had been in the army, and he had a soft spot for soldiers, not to say for soldiers' wives, especially when they were good-looking. Another thing we had noticed and liked was, that whoever he spoke to, or didn't speak to—and the attentions of a captain are considered of some value—he never passed Mrs. Carthew without a cheery word or two, and on this particular morning he had been sitting with her for quite a long time. He stood listening to us now, smiling good-naturedly, but apparently not attending very much, for his eye wandered back to Mrs. Carthew, though she was sitting a long way off—and then suddenly he seemed to make his mind up, and pulled in another chair, and said, in answer to a laughing appeal from Mrs. Clark about woman's courage—

"I could tell you a yarn about that—about one of the bravest things *I've* ever seen done—but I can't tell you now if the woman is really a brave woman, or if she only acted from some sort of instinct." He spoke doubtfully, but of course we all encouraged him to go on, and so he filled up his pipe and began:

"It all happened only a year ago when I was captain of the *Selma*. We had a crowded ship, and from the moment we left Bombay I felt it in my bones that we were going to have an unlucky voyage. It wasn't the weather, that was settled and good, so I knew it would be with either the passengers or the crew that there would be trouble. I was new to the job too, having only had the one voyage out in command; and of course I was particularly anxious that everything should go smoothly, and that made me all the more nervous. Nothing, however, went wrong at the beginning, only a good deal of squabbling among the ladies, and at first that only amused me. I couldn't look upon it as serious. If you'll excuse me for saying so, passengers are cranky folk, and I'd had a fair experience of 'em as first officer.

"In this case there was one woman who made all the trouble—I was sure of it from the beginning—a Mrs. Delorme. She was a beautiful woman too, but right-down disagreeable; a regular cat the other women called her, though I should not be saying that now the poor thing's dead.

"The trouble began because she couldn't get a cabin to herself. No one could, but there was no use telling her that. I fancy she had generally had her own way, because she was both well off and, as I said before, remarkably handsome. Her husband was a big civilian, and we didn't envy him when we found out the kind of temper she had. Poor woman, though," said the captain remorsefully, "I get so angry when I think of it all that I keep on forgetting that she's dead. Well, to go on. Her cabin companion was Mrs. Carthew there," and he nodded in her direction, while some one murmured, "The lady in the blue veil," and we all grew more interested.

"Yes," he went on, "Mrs. Carthew, but a very different woman to the one you know now." ("We don't know her, she won't let us," interpolated Mrs. Raymond, but the captain continued without noticing her.)

"I wish I could make you see her as she was then," he said earnestly. "She was as pretty—as pretty a woman as ever I've seen, and full of fun, and wild as a hawk—quite a

charming woman. She had a color like Mrs. Adair there," his eye falling on my wife's glowing face (she was sitting gazing at him, listening with all her ears), "and such blue eyes, and a way with her. She was all over the ship in no time, and friends with every one. I won't say that she hadn't her faults, though. I expect, for all her good nature, she had a bit of a temper; and when she found out, as she couldn't help doing, how very disagreeable Mrs. Delorme could be, she didn't exactly lie down under it. And Mrs. Delorme hated her from the first, God only knows why. Possibly she was jealous, for in all the rows that followed Mrs. Carthew had the majority on her side. I'm afraid she did not try to get on with Mrs. Delorme. She was very untidy in their joint cabin, for one thing, and the other woman was a regular old maid for neatness; and there were other things too—lots of things. In the end it got so bad, and I was so sick of it, that when two of the officers offered to double up, to give Mrs. Carthew a cabin to herself, I was only too thankful to consent. It was after that that the climax happened. Mrs. Delorme came to me one day and reported formally that she had lost a valuable diamond brooch, and she insinuated that Mrs. Carthew had taken it; and then Mrs. Carthew was at me in a great state, of course, and naturally very angry. Well, you can imagine it made no end of a fuss. Both their cabins were searched thoroughly, but there was no sign of the brooch; and personally I didn't believe that Mrs. Delorme had ever had it, but I had to make just as thorough an investigation; and the stewardesses were 'upset,' and everything was most uncomfortable.

"The passengers took different sides, though how any one in their senses could imagine Mrs. Carthew capable of such a thing passes me. Mrs. Delorme 'cut' her, and everything was as unpleasant as it could be. Things went on like that for several days, only getting worse instead of better; and then one morning my man told me that Mrs. Carthew wanted to speak to me, and there she was with that damned brooch in her hand, and with a face like a ghost. She had found it all knotted up in the fringe of a shawl she'd been wearing on deck in the evening. I wished she'd thrown it overboard when she found it,—if I hadn't been captain of the ship I'd have done it myself. As it was, there was nothing for it but to send for Mrs. Delorme, give her the brooch, and tell her the story,—which she didn't believe, or *said* she didn't believe, which was just as bad. It was a dreadful scene, and poor little Mrs. Carthew was horribly upset. Of course I stood by her afterwards, but I fancy that she hadn't a pleasant time with some of Mrs. Delorme's friends. This story's getting too long," said the captain, breaking off to look at his watch; but he yielded to the persuasions of the whole lot of us, and went on again, only saying that he must "cut it short."

"The next thing that happened," he continued, "was that Mrs. Delorme developed smallpox—and smallpox of a very bad type, too. You can imagine what a bad thing that was on a crowded ship, crowded just like this, only a smaller ship, so that we really couldn't possibly isolate the case properly. The doctor was very serious about it, but even if he hadn't been, I had my orders from the Company about what I was to do in such a case, and they were to 'land the patient as soon as possible.' It seemed cruel, but even if I had not had orders, I'm not sure I wouldn't have done just the same. We were in the Canal when this happened, in the hottest, most

stagnant kind of weather you can well imagine, and glad I was, for the sake of my passengers, that we were so near Port Said. The doctor and I were sad, though, for the poor lady, knowing it was small chance she'd have in a place like that—but he declared she was in such a bad way that it wouldn't make much difference in the long-run. In the meantime, by threats and bribes, we induced one of the stewardesses to look after her—and hoped for the best.

"Naturally all this made a great stir among the rest of the passengers. They were all concerned, even those who hadn't liked Mrs. Delorme,—but the most upset of all was Mrs. Carthew. She is a very sympathetic woman, and most kind-hearted—one of those women who find nothing too hard to do for any one who is ill; and I suppose she had besides been pretty well hating Mrs. Delorme, and *this* threw her right into the other extreme. She volunteered at once to nurse her, but naturally I was not going to hear of that, and there was no need for it either, as there was the stewardess.

"When we reached Port Said I signalled for a doctor, and it wasn't long before he came on board, and I felt worse than ever about leaving Mrs. Delorme. Not that he was a bad sort of little fellow—indeed, from what I hear of him now, I believe that he was most kind, but he was what we call a Dago—half Portuguese, you know, and he owned that the hospital was not up to date, or really fit for an Englishwoman. However, there was nothing else for it, so the ship's doctor went to get his patient ready for the move. I pitied him most sincerely, poor fellow, especially when the stewardess absolutely refused to be left at Port Said. She had seen the little Dago doctor, and that settled her, and of course we couldn't make her stay against her will; indeed, I had strained a point when I proposed it, and was wondering what the owners would say.

"We were at our wits' end, the two doctors and I, and it was pitiful to hear poor Mrs. Delorme sobbing, and alternately imploring me not to send her on shore, or the stewardess to stay with her. It was then that Mrs. Carthew came on the scene. She walked up to me with her hat and coat on, and a little bag in her hand, and said, quite as though it was an every-day affair to take charge of a woman dying of smallpox in a place like Port Said, that *she* was going to stay with Mrs. Delorme. I was really very short with her at first, and the doctors and I assured her that she couldn't be allowed to do such a thing, and that if she were allowed, it would be a useless risk, as Mrs. Delorme was most unlikely to recover. But she only said it wasn't a question of being 'allowed.' No one had any right to stop her. And then she asked what did we propose to do if we did stop her; and she had us there, for indeed we did not know what to do. I was called away for a moment, and then she took the matter into her own hands. She ran to Mrs. Delorme's cabin, dropped on her knees beside the poor sick crying thing, and putting her arms around her, said, 'Don't cry, I'm coming with you. I'll take care of you, I promise you.'

"I stood at the door and saw it all," said the Captain. "Oh, but she was a pretty creature then——" He stopped, evidently thinking of the change.

"And she went, and she caught it?" said my wife breathlessly.

"Yes, we left her with Mrs. Delorme at Port Said. I don't remember ever feeling worse in my life than when I watched the tug going off with those two young women, and only the little half-caste doctor in charge,—and yet

I don't know now what else we could have done. . . . I was due for leave when the ship reached England, and so I didn't come this way for some months, and though I'd written both to Mrs. Carthew and the doctor, I'd heard nothing of her. Next time I called in he told me that Mrs. Delorme died soon after we left her, and that Mrs. Carthew caught smallpox and had the horrible complaint very badly, but that she had recovered and gone home. He said she was marked, but I had no idea it was as bad as this. I had not seen her from the day I watched her go off with Mrs. Delorme until she came on board the other day, and then I hardly recognized her. Well, perhaps that's rather an exaggeration, but she is certainly terribly changed."

We sat silent a little, thinking over what we had heard, and fitting in the facts with what we had seen for ourselves of Mrs. Carthew. No one said how brave we thought she had been. It was one of the things which go without saying,—but presently Mrs. Raymond said thoughtfully:

"What strikes me as curious is that a woman who could show such courage should be apparently really rather morbid now? You know," she added, addressing herself more directly to the captain, "she is not really a bit disagreeable to look at—at least I don't think so, especially since I've heard her story, and it spoils the whole thing that she should be so overwhelmed, as it were, by her appearance. I don't want to seem hard, but that's the way it strikes me."

The captain shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "She's *new* to it, you see—and you may say what you like, but looks do make a great difference to a woman, especially when she is among strangers. All the same, it's not *that* she feels so much. It's meeting her husband again that she's breaking her heart over. Her mother brought her on board, and she told me that they'd only been married six months, and that she'd put off, and put off, going back to him, hoping that she'd get more like herself. It isn't as though they were old married people, you see,—it was a hurried marriage, a case of 'love at first sight'; and then at the end of six months he was ordered on to the Frontier—one of those places where women are not allowed, and he had to send her home. She hasn't much to go upon; but if among you you can buck her up a bit, it'll be a great thing. If you had only seen her before, you'd understand better."

I suppose that night that every young married woman on the ship wanted her husband to assure her that whatever happened to her looks, *nothing* could make him love her less. At least, Marjorie awoke me in the middle of the night to make me vow that I was that impossibility—a man incapable of change. "It all depends," she murmured, as, reassured, she settled herself comfortably to sleep again, "on what kind of a man Major Carthew is."

Lindsay said the same thing again as we paced the wet decks together the next morning. He had listened in silence to the captain's story, and had wandered off without making any comment, leaving the rest of us to talk it over; and now, being a man of few words, he said but little,—indeed, I doubt if he would have mentioned the subject at all if I had not started it.

"I can't believe that any man would go back on a woman who had acted as Mrs. Carthew acted," he said slowly. "He should be proud of her. And what do 'looks' matter? No man worth calling a man would let it make any difference."

"Perhaps not let her *see* that it did," I amended. "But if he feels different, she will know it,"—and Lindsay answered nothing.

It began from that day, in small ways, gradually, slowly, little by little —the recovery of Mrs. Carthew; and it was Lindsay who did it all. We all tried: we refused to be rebuffed by her shyness; we refused to notice that she shrank from us, that she wanted to be left alone,—we insisted that she should join in the deck-quoits and other games. We made much of her, but it was Lindsay who succeeded best. He was a shy man, too, and I do not know how it was done, how he became so intimate with her; or when it was that she began to rely on him, to turn to him naturally for all the little services which some one must give to the woman who is travelling alone.

I can remember now the day when I first heard her laugh. She soon learnt to smile again; but that morning something that he had said made her laugh—a real merry, spontaneous, amused laugh—like a girl. Lindsay looked at her curiously, I thought, in a puzzled, half-satisfied way, and I wondered what it was that he had said to amuse her so much. Presently he got up and walked away, and I heard her laugh again quite five minutes later.

You cannot imagine the difference there was in Mrs. Carthew after that; no one could help being surprised who had seen her at the beginning of the voyage; and now, when we were only a few days from Bombay, she really was like another woman. What Marjorie called "the waiting look" was very rarely seen now,—human intercourse, and knowing that her changed looks, her poor marred face, made no difference to all of us, who after all were only the chance companions of a voyage, had worked the change. No doubt she argued that surely her husband would be no harder to please. And happiness had really improved her appearance. She had thrown the blue veil aside long ago—and I am sure she thought less and less of her disfigurement, especially during the long hours when she talked or walked with Lindsay. Watching them, I wondered sometimes if he were overdoing the thing; and then, remembering the good fellow he was, and knowing the motives of his chivalrous attentions, I cursed myself for a suspicious cynic.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Carthew only once spoke of her dread of the meeting with her husband, and that was when she was low and depressed, after a day spent nursing a bad headache in the seclusion of her cabin. To Marjorie, sitting on the edge of her berth, she told something of her fears.

"Fred," she said, "is one of those men who can't bear plain women. I remember hearing him say that all ugly women should be drowned." She shivered a little as she spoke, and Marjorie put an arm round her, I know. "I wrote to him," she went on, "that people couldn't *bear* to look at me now—I thought I'd better prepare him for the worst,—but that's hardly true, is it?—I'm not so bad as that," she asked humbly—and you may be certain that Marjorie gave her the asked-for assurance.

"She showed me his portrait, too," said my indignant wife, when she described this interview to me later. "And I don't think him good-looking a bit! The cheek of saying that 'plain women' should be drowned! I'd drown him. Why shouldn't women be plain as well as men, if they choose?" she demanded indignantly, and then added, "But what can you expect of a man called Frederick? I'm thankful I didn't marry a Frederick, anyway."

"It wasn't his fault, poor chap," I

said, in a smothered voice—for Marjorie, who was really upset, had thrown herself into my arms. "It was his godfathers and his godmothers. It might have happened to me,"—but Marjorie only said it couldn't, and kissed me again.

And in due time we came to the last evening, the end of our first voyage—and in the kind half-light Marjorie and I sat very close, talking of the life we were to lead in this wonderful land, which was all strange and new to her, and thinking too how good it was that we should be always together, when all these people by whom we were surrounded, and with whom we had become so intimate, would have scattered far and wide, each to play their part on the great Anglo-Indian stage. The end of a voyage always makes one think somehow; but most of all we thought of Mrs. Carthew, and of the meeting with her husband, which was now so near.

"She must be feeling very anxious—I hope she'll sleep well, and wear her black hat, it suits her best," murmured Marjorie inconsequently, answering part of my thought—"but I wish it had been Captain Lindsay." What things women will say, even the best of them. I had thought so too, but I would never have said it, and I told her so.

It seemed to me that the coolies came on board clamoring for baggage before we'd had half a night's rest, and even for that half-night the cranes working, bringing up things from the hold, had troubled our slumbers. What with helping Marjorie to cram our swollen belongings into our cabin-trunks, collecting the rest of our boxes, filling in Customs papers, tipping stewards, and all the fuss of disembarkation, I had been so busy that I had almost forgotten Mrs. Carthew and her affairs; and it was only when everything was finished and, hot and tired, I made my way on deck for a breath of fresh air, that I remembered her, and wondered if her husband had come on board. Passing her cabin, I heard the murmur of voices, and a woman's strange voice speaking in pitying accents. It struck me as curious.

Surely Carthew must have come? He could not have failed her on such an occasion. And then, while a suggestion of something wrong, wrought by the chance sound of a woman's voice, was fresh in my mind, my wife met me.

"Dick," she whispered in awe-struck tones, "Major Carthew is dead. . . . He died of enteric a week ago. Mrs. Carthew's sister is with her now—she came to meet her, to break the news to her. Oh, Dick—isn't it awful?"

It certainly seemed so, but even then, when the news was bewildering in its suddenness—remembering the scraps of information that I had gathered about the poor fellow—I wondered?

My wife reported to me later that Mrs. Carthew seemed half-stunned, and sat bewildered, saying again and again, "He will never see me now, he will never know;" and sorry though I was for her, I could not help speculating whether to her, too, this final solution of her problem might not hold some hint of relief.

I did not see her again then, or for some years after, for her sister took her on shore at once (there was nothing to wait for any more), and they left by that night's mail for Delhi—while Marjorie and I went south the same evening.

Twelve months and more passed before the sequel to Mrs. Carthew's story could be written. I remember the date well, for our eldest son was just two months old, and Marjorie was celebrating his birthday—for at that time she counted his birthdays by the

month. It was a very hot day in April, and when I came back from barracks I was astonished to see her in the veranda waiting for me, too impatient even to remain quietly under the punka. She was evidently in a great state of excitement too, for she began to speak before I was half-way up the steps.

"Dick," she said, seizing me by the arm and shaking me in her eagerness. "Something really splendid has happened! Guess."

"Some one going to be married, I suppose," I hazarded, feeling safe to be right, for I knew nothing else interested her so much.

"How did you know?" she asked, rather crestfallen. And then, "But you'll never guess who. Just listen to this," and she read from the "Pioneer":

"'At Delhi, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Charles Mattison, Captain Guy Lindsay, Royal Horse Artillery, to Mary Carthew, widow of Major Carthew—Bengal Cavalry, and second daughter of the late Colonel Harris, Royal Engineers, and of Mrs. Harris, The Holme, Buckinghamshire.'"

We met the Lindsays some years later, when we were on leave in Kashmir. They had settled down, like ourselves, into sober married people, with children to educate and not too much to do it on, which gives plenty to think of without worrying about looks, and I must say I never knew a happier couple. It is true that Mrs. Lindsay's placid face could never again be fair to see—but then she was a picture of contentment, and that carries a charm of its own, and the "waiting look" we had known so well was gone for ever. As for Lindsay, he was just the same good fellow, sparing in speech, kind in deed as before, and, as was only right and proper, kindest of all to her who had once been "The Lady in the Blue Veil."

"I told you so," said my irrepressible wife. "I always said it should be Major Lindsay."

A. M. Scott-Moncrieff.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LORD STRATHCONA.

Scotsmen, among whose national failings excessive modesty has not generally been counted, are rightly proud of the great part men of their race have played in the making of Canada. They claim even to be the sole creators of the Canadian West. Certainly to one of them, Lord Strathcona, a big share is due of the credit of having transformed a region frost-bound, unknown, hardly traversed, a sub-arctic jungle, into one of the world's granaries. This and the creation of the Canadian Pacific Railway are the exploits that are enduringly associated with his name. As to the work he did in the North-West, there can be no difference of judgment; as to the wisdom of the railway policy for which he was mainly responsible, we may admit that it was bold and adventurous to the point of rashness, but it was justified by a success which throws Mr. Cecil Rhodes' schemes into the shade.

However opinions may vary, the career which has just closed at the age of 93 is certainly a most remarkable one. To extreme old age Lord Strathcona preserved vigor, energy, and power of work. Many of his chief successes were achieved and much of his public prominence was acquired after the time in life at which most men's minds turn to the thought of leisure. He was well over 50 when he entered

active politics, and behind him there lay 30 years of the most arduous labor under conditions of extreme physical hardship. He had risen from being a mere clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company to be their resident Governor. During these years he mastered the intricacies of the fur trade, and proved himself an admirably efficient man of business. Using all his spare time, like Abraham Lincoln, for mental improvement, he yet had energy over to ameliorate the hard conditions of life of his fellow-settlers, introducing the planting of the potato and other vegetables, just as later he was to initiate the ploughing and sowing of wheat. When misapprehensions as to the effects likely to follow from the transference of the company's business to the Government led to Riel's rebellion in 1869, it was largely to the high qualities shown by Donald Smith, as he then was, to his courage, quickness of judgment and persuasive reasonableness, that the settlement was due. He never lost his interest in the Canadian West; as High Commissioner for Canada, a post to which he was appointed in 1896, he was the chief promoter of English emigration to Canada, while, thanks to his large financial connections and business knowledge, he helped the upward movement of Canadian investments.

Coming to Montreal early in the 'seventies as Member of the Dominion Parliament, he became prominent in various financial and commercial concerns, notably with his cousin, afterwards Lord Mountstephen, in the Bank of Montreal. He also devoted himself to the problems of railway development, and acquired a controlling interest in the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, which was raised, by his ability, from a financial wreck to a condition of flourishing prosperity. There was a ruthless side to his character, which may be illustrated by the recent clearances on his estate in Essex. But this was Napoleonic.

It was as a Conservative that he sat in the 1872 Parliament, when Sir John Macdonald's Government granted to a private company, headed by Sir Hugh Allan, a charter for the construction of a railway to the Pacific Coast. The construction, within ten years, of such a road was the express condition on which British Columbia entered the Dominion, while its construction by private instead of Government enterprise was the leading plank in the Conservative programme. Smith supported them on that point; but the speech in which he dissociated himself from the Government in connection with the Pacific scandal—due to the discovery that Sir Hugh Allan had subscribed largely to the party funds—led to the downfall of the Macdonald Government, and the scheme collapsed. A plan launched under the Liberal Administration failed owing to want of support, and when the Government prepared to undertake the work themselves they too failed. When Macdonald returned to power in 1880 practically nothing had been done. Then Donald Smith came forward, and the syndicate of which he was really at the head received a contract similar to that Sir Hugh Allan had lost. At first the difficulties appeared insurmountable; the resources of the Bank of Montreal and Smith's whole fortune, which he brought to the support of the venture, appeared at one time on the point of disappearance; but in five years the road was complete. The terms under which the Smith-Stephen Syndicate undertook and carried out the work were forcibly criticized at the time by Mr. Blake and Sir W. Laurier, and although it has undoubtedly proved a marvellous agent of progress and civilization,

those criticisms cannot be wholly waived. Canada has staked her national credit on railway enterprises; but while cash and land grants and loans are freely made to railway companies, the profits go to the shareholders, to whom alone the companies are held to have a duty. Hence the complaint heard so often in Canada that the people's birthright was bartered to the empire-builders. This complaint, together with his strong imperialism, according to which the Canadian's first duty was not to Canada, but the Empire, accounts for the fact that Lord Strathcona lost some of his earlier popularity in Canada, although his generous interest in education and charitable causes was directed first and foremost to Canadian institutions.

Lord Strathcona was an Imperialist —an empire-builder—of a kind whom it is possible for men of all sections to admire without distinction of party. His long and extremely energetic life was spent in work which if actuated, as much of the best work is, by enlightened self-interest as well as by pure patriotism, did increase the wealth, the importance, and the dignity of Canada. Scotland, the land of his birth, Canada, where he made his home and his fortune, may feel justly proud of Donald Smith.

The Economist.

THE INCREASE OF DISQUIET IN EUROPE.

It is almost appalling to witness the efforts of a faction bent on disarming and weakening the Empire at a moment when the Foreign situation in every direction is charged with the most menacing possibilities and the most patent dangers. At no hour since the commencement of the era of disturbance opened by the Italian raid upon Tripoli were the perils and the preparations quite so notorious as today. Even some apparent concessions to the pacific spirit produce the impression that they are meant to deaden vigilance much more than to give any certain guarantee of a more tranquil future. They have the air of intimating that it is not worth quarrelling about minor matters when such tremendous issues are in the background and have soon to be settled. One of these concessions is considered to be the unexpected pliability of the Triple Alliance on the question of the Turkish islands occupied by Greece. As Greece is expected, in return for Chio and Mitylene, to minimize its claim to compensation in Southern Albania, many careful observers of the position of affairs have suggested that Austria and Italy have special reasons of their own for desiring to have their hands unencumbered by any difficulty in Albania which can be avoided. Of course, the Turkish Government and nation are irritated fully in proportion to the satisfaction of Greece. But here again nobody can say exactly whether Turkey also is not aware that the final ownership of Chio and Mitylene will have to be decided in a contest that has not yet begun. The question of the German Military Mission in Turkey has also taken a new turn; and opinions are divided as to whether the change signifies the greater contentment of any of the rival Powers or the reverse. In Germany, where it was taken for granted that the Russian protest against Liman Pasha's appointment would receive no sort of satisfaction at Berlin, there appears now to be a general tendency to admit that German diplomacy has

retreated before Russia, and that the retreat is a serious blow to German prestige in the Near East. At the outset of the affair Germany certainly adopted the attitude of entire aloofness from a matter which was declared to be an internal interest of Turkey alone. If Turkey chooses to appoint a Foreign Officer and his comrades to military positions in the Turkish Army, why not? Turkey might have appointed Frenchmen or Spaniards or Swedes; and nobody would have had a right to interfere in such a domestic question. Turkey has appointed Germans. Why should Russia protest?

Certainly the main objection of Russia to Liman Pasha's appointment appears to have been removed by what must be called a German concession; whether it be an actual retreat or not. Liman Pasha is not to be commander of the First Army Corps, which has the charge of Constantinople and the Straits. He is said in Germany to have been "kicked upstairs" instead; he has been made a Turkish Field Marshal and an Inspector General of the entire Turkish Army. For actual control of the centres of Ottoman power a general right of inspection of the whole Turkish Army, with no portion of that army in particular bound to obey the Inspector General, is something much less concrete and real than the position of an actual General of an Army Corps, in a dominant position, and with fifty thousand bound to obey his orders. Unquestionably there is an intense feeling of dissatisfaction in Germany, both military and civilian, over the withdrawal of the German General from the most important Turkish command, coupled with the consent of the Triple Alliance to the despoiling of Turkey in the matter of the Ægean and Ionian islands. Forcing Liman Pasha into the background, again, does certainly wear the aspect first of vacillation and then of defeat by the Berlin Government. The old feeling that Wilhelm II. cannot be depended upon to stand to his guns when it comes to the decisive moment is again prevalent in Germany. Of the present monarch of Prussia it has been bitterly said, by a reversal of the old adage, that he only rushes forward in order the quicker to run back. Il saute pour mieux reculer. On the other hand, it is argued that as Germany must make a stand somewhere, every successive retreat brings nearer the moment when shock must take the place of evasion. There is a certain amount of belief in the theory that Prussia has abandoned Turkey over the Military Mission and over the islands, just as Austria was abandoned when she had called upon Roumania not to attack Bulgaria, and when Austria believed that she could rely upon Prussia. The close dynastic ties between Greece and Prussia are indeed cited as an explanation; but it is an explanation which has few admirers. The Hohenzollerns, it is said, are too ready to set their own interests higher than the policy of Germany at large.

While it is admitted that German public feeling is both anxious and excited, this very dissatisfaction in the military and governing classes may be an additional reason for apprehending decisive events before long. If it was the recent addition of half a million of men to the Russian Army by a mere order of the War Office at Petersburg; if it was the presence of fourteen hundred thousand Russian soldiers perfectly armed and equipped on the Austro-German frontiers which has caused Berlin to back down; so much the more necessity for Berlin to recover its lost prestige on the first opportunity. Certainly there never was a more uneasy state of public sentiment throughout the European

nations than can be found to-day. A very curious light on the situation is thrown by some authorized exponents of French public opinion. It is a singularly grave and sinister feature of the matter that French Army authorities or critics profess to believe that it is Russia which must force the fighting, by a surprise attack it appears, and that the co-operation of England is calculated upon as a necessity and a certainty beforehand! Some very remarkable articles by a French General of high repute have recently pointed out the absolute necessity for Russia, in her own interest, and apparently in fulfilment of her Treaty with France, to commence the expected war by an invasion in force of Eastern Germany. Austria is to be merely "observed" and contained by a Russian force capable of delaying its progress until the fate of the German ally has been decided. A dozen Army Corps, on a war footing and in absolute readiness to move, are to concentrate at once around Warsaw and to burst across the Prussian frontier. The British Fleet in the North Sea is to co-operate with the French Army in making it impossible for Germany to withdraw a single battalion from the defences of the West! Such open avowals of an aggressive policy by France and Russia can well explain the sort of depression which appears to weigh upon Kaiser Wilhelm; but the dominant feeling in German official and military circles is that Germany must stand to her guns at last. Some swaggering exhibitions, which have resulted in nothing in particular, cannot, it is said, be accepted as the example for Germany in the near future. Meanwhile, every factory or industry in connection with the German Army is working overtime. Germany certainly believes that it is exposed to sudden attack, and such a belief is apt to increase the anxiety in which it originated.

The Outlook.

THE TRUMPET: A CURE FOR BORES.

"Major Hackett is extremely angry," said Lady Aldersley to me. "He insisted upon my giving him Mr. Norton's address. He intends to call on him. I wonder if Mr. Norton really is deaf? I wish you would go and see him, and perhaps give him a friendly warning."

"I will," I promised, and straightway took a taxi to Percy's flat, where I found him lounging in an arm-chair, in a mood of quiet self-satisfaction. Beside him, on an occasional table, stood an ear-trumpet—not one of those little modern devices that save labor for all concerned, but one of the regular old-fashioned trumpets that require to be held stiffly by the listener and violently yelled down by the other person. He eyed it in the friendliest manner and, almost before I'd had time to light one of his cigarettes, said:

"Look at that! It's given me the most delightful evening of my life."

"I've heard about the evening," I assured him. "Parts of it at least."

"Have you?" he said thoughtfully. "Lady Aldersley annoyed?"

"Major Hackett is. She wants to know if you *are* deaf."

"No," said Percy. "I could be again, if necessary, but I'm not—no."

"Perhaps you had better tell me just what happened," I suggested.

"If you like." He lit a cigarette himself and puffed at it serenely. "It was an experiment, as a matter of

fact. I was reading the other day how old *Herbert Spencer* used to carry cotton-wool about with him to put in his ears when conversation bored him. It struck me as a neat idea, but boorish and incomplete. Why let bores go on boring? Why not stop them? That would be a lot better than merely ceasing to listen oneself. Well, I happened to notice that ear-trumpet at a pawnbroker's the same day that I read about old *Spencer*. Yesterday, in fact. It was eighteenpence—a sum I possessed. So I bought it, and took it with me to Lady Aldersley's dinner. I knew there would be some bores there. Lady Aldersley's charming, but she likes a few foils."

"Like yourself?"

"Like Major Hackett," Percy corrected. "She ought not to have had him. He's one of those men that can't keep away from *Lloyd George*, no matter what you talk about. I could hear him hanging *Lloyd George*, and drowning *Lloyd George*, and poisoning that 'scoundrelly Welsh attorney' to the poor girl next him the whole of dinner-time, till she went dumb with fatigue; and the moment the women had gone out he tacked himself on to me to do it all over again. There are men like that—can't leave *Lloyd George* alone. I've no use for him myself—all the more reason why I don't want to hear about him every two minutes. So I got my trumpet ready and explained that I was a bit deaf, and we began to talk hunting. I forget what I said or what he said, but at the end of a minute there he was at it again.

"'All thanks to *Lloyd George!*' he said.

"'I beg your pardon?' I said, putting up my trumpet.

"'I said, "All thanks to *Lloyd George!*"' he yelled down it.

"'Didn't catch, I'm afraid,' I said, shaking my head; and he butted into the trumpet again.

"'I said it was all thanks to *Lloyd George!*'

"'All thanks to whom?' I inquired.

"'*Lloyd George*,' he shouted. He was pretty hoarse by then, having talked too much all dinner-time, but I gave him another chance to get it right, which he accepted, and then I said: 'I can't agree with you. I'm a loyal subject. I don't see that the *King* is in the least to blame.'

"I said '*Lloyd George—Lloyd George*,' he bellowed, and I removed the trumpet with a pretence of indignation.

"'If you're a Socialist,' I said, 'I'd rather not discuss the matter further.'

"'Socialist!' he panted. 'Socialist! Me a Socialist!'

"'I'm afraid so,' I said.

"He tried to explain, and got purple doing it, but it was no use, and he could only sit and glare helplessly till we went into the drawing-room. There I heard him explaining pitifully to various people that he'd been taken for a Socialist by that deaf man. I lost him after a bit, and forgot that I was deaf for the evening. The fact is Lady Aldersley introduced me to a very pretty girl. We got quite friendly—I fancy she had escaped from the Major too. Anyway the trumpet was not in use, and we were chatting away as intimately as possible when I became aware of Major Hackett watching us. From his expression you might have thought I was *Lloyd George*. I tried to get the trumpet going, but the girl got up just then and said she must find her aunt or somebody, and, though I stuck to her for as long as possible, the Major stuck on too. The moment I was alone he was down on me, and I barely had time to elevate the trumpet when he began.

"'Might I ask whether you really are deaf, Sir; or was it meant for a joke?'

"'Didn't quite catch you,' I said as

composedly as possible, and held him off with the trumpet.

"'If it was a joke, Sir—joke,' he stuttered.

"'Ah, you mean your remark about the *King*? I'm very glad to hear it was a joke. Not in the best of taste perhaps, but still— Good night, Sir,' I said coldly.

"I slipped into the crowd at that, trumpet and all, and said farewell to Lady Aldersley as soon as possible. Sorry she's annoyed."

Percy finished his narrative with his cigarette, and was about to begin another when the telephone rang.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, and went towards it. "By Jove," he went on, "if it isn't the Major. Come and listen to him, old chap. Take hold of the other receiver. Yes; this is Mr. Norton's. Mr. Percy Norton's. Mr. Norton at home? No. I'm his housekeeper. Is Mr. Norton deaf? Well, he keeps an ear-trumpet, Sir. Looks like he's deaf, Sir, don't it? You don't believe he is? Well, I never. Couldn't say when he'll be in, Sir. He's gone abroad. To Lourdes, Sir. To get his deafness cured. Faith-cure, Sir. 'Opes to come back with 'is 'earing restored. Is that all, Sir? Thank you, Sir."

The Major was rung off at that moment, and Percy hung up the receiver.

"Persistent old boy, isn't he? Care to buy an ear-trumpet, dear chap? Always useful while the present Chancellor is in office."

Punch.

FORCE AS A REMEDY.

The employment of martial law for the suppression of a Labor movement seems to have been completely successful at its first experiment. The strike in South Africa everywhere is either collapsing or has already collapsed. The leaders are in prison. After a term of days they will be charged; for under the rule of martial law, imprisonment comes first, and trial afterwards. It is an impressive demonstration of the nature of modern constitutionalism—at least, it has impressed our own Imperialists at home, who begin to think that after all there may have been some excuse for allowing the Boers to regain power in South Africa, if, by doing so, they were destined to teach the Briton a lesson in methods of dealing with any possible revolt of Labor. Already we have had requests addressed to the Prime Minister for inquiry into the conduct of trade disputes. So far, the object is to show, no doubt, that there is violence upon the side of the work-people. But against violence in the abstract there is no antipathy in the present mood of the governing classes of this country. It is all a matter of times and places, or rather, of persons and classes. What is allowable upon the part of Sir Edward Carson is ridiculous when done by a Suffragette, and infamous when imitated in the fiftieth degree by a workman on strike, or by some obscure pamphleteer who ventures, in the name of Christian principle, to appeal to common soldiers to think twice before shooting down their brothers. "All is relative" is a great lesson, which the well-to-do have taken thoroughly to heart. So, while applauding violence as it is used in South Africa for the suppression of a strike, we may expect redoubled denunciations of violence used in England on behalf of the striker.

Meanwhile, the apparent success of the South African Government goes to prove two points which will be pres-

ent in the minds of the propertied classes in this country in every industrial crisis in the future. The first point is that it is far easier to paralyze an extensive strike movement by a well-aimed blow at the centre than might have been expected. It might have been thought that the strike having once been declared, the arrest of the leaders, and the consequent paralysis of the central machinery, would only have blocked the path of negotiation, and would have left the men out on strike prepared individually to continue to withhold their work—at any rate for a much longer time than they seem actually to have done. With this example in mind, whenever we are faced with a great national strike, like that of the railway dispute of 1911 or the miners' strike of 1912, we shall hear voices urging us to imitate General Botha, to break up the organization, to arrest the leaders, and to make meetings impossible. The inference will be that, if the policy is successfully carried out, the strike will melt away as that in South Africa has done. Whether this inference is a sound one, however, is a question which it will take further experience to decide. In this country we know very little about the concrete and material causes which led up to the strike movement. We do not know how extensive was the feeling of discontent, nor how deeply rooted was the determination to seek a remedy. The strike movement may have had a relatively firm or a relatively weak hold over the minds of the people. The probability is that it was weak rather than strong. Moreover a blow of this sort is far more successful when it comes as a surprise than when the party attacked has had warning beforehand. If all the circumstances were repeated, even in South Africa itself, we may assume that arrangements would be made for dispensing with the services of any particular set of leaders; a much more elaborate system of mutual understanding between the members of the Trade Unions would be required; and just as Social Democratic papers in Germany have to have two staffs, one to carry on the paper while the other is in prison, so would it be with the Trade Union organization which the South African Government has set itself to suppress. On this head, therefore, we think the encouragement which the successful resort to force may yield to certain classes at home is in a measure delusive.

The second point is perhaps more serious. The action of the Botha Government is a demonstration of the ease with which the whole system of constitutional law, with its guarantee of certain fundamental liberties for British subjects, can be discarded by a few resolute men, who believe that they have the "directive classes" at their back. In this respect, conditions in England are perhaps not so different from those of South Africa as might be desired. It is true that it has long been our boast in this country to be, above all things, constitutional. The Englishman's respect for law has always been looked upon as the other side of his love of freedom —and, indeed, the two things cannot be divorced and yet live. But, however it be with freedom, to which, after all, all men are repeatedly unfaithful, and yet all men are permanently attached, the respect for law is not an attribute of English public life which an intelligent inquirer, who should limit his researches into English political manners of the present time or the last two or three years, would take to be very widespread or deeply rooted. Nothing indeed has been more remarkable among the political changes of our time than the passing away of the old principle that

when the battle has once been fought to an end within the limits of the constitution, the ultimate decision, however unpalatable it might be, must be accepted by all parties. That tradition of English public life has gone. On all sides we hear the determination expressed to refuse obedience if the law is not such as to deserve it. The individual, the class, the party, the nation or section of the nation, which does not like the law, claims the right to run a ramrod through the law, to make its own law and live thereby.

If we analyze the causes which have led to this change, we think that they may be found, not so much in the action of those who, like the Suffragettes, are seeking new political rights, but far more in the temper of mind engendered in the classes which have long been the repositories of power, by the fear that under the forms of the constitution, that power may be taken from them. All our constitutional lawyers have been drawn from these directing classes. All our constitutional maxims have been built up with their approval. The attitude of these classes to the general democratizing of the constitution was not wholly unfriendly as long as they believed that they could tame democracy by admitting it. They were willing—at least the more liberal minds among them were willing—that their power should be tempered at the same time that its basis was enlarged. They conceived that the social order, as a whole, with all its immense inequalities in the distribution of property, would be in the main safer with the admission of all classes to at least a nominal voice in government, and therefore they preached, both to those classes while they were still knocking at the door, and also to members of their own body who were less liberal-minded or less confident of the future, the duty of maintaining the unbroken tradition of English loyalty to law, order, and the forms of the constitution. Freedom must be broadened slowly down, but there was to be no going back upon precedent. But in the last few years, these people have seen freedom—or at least they have thought that they have seen it, which comes, for our purpose, to the same thing—broadening rather more rapidly than in the past, and they have begun to doubt whether they can tame democracy. The control of the machine may, they fear, be taken out of their hands. It is within the limits of possibility that there should arise a democratic party, and that it should control the State. With this fear in their minds, the directive classes, and those that speak for them, have become shaken in their view as to the virtues of the British Constitution and as to the supreme duty of political loyalty. Their conceptions of political obligation have undergone a change. They are not sure that force may not be a remedy, for the time may come when law and government, and all that belongs to constitutionalism, will be on the side of those classes whom in the past they have half feared and half patronized. As long as the constitution was in their hands, there was for them nothing so sacred as the constitution. Now that it threatens to pass out of their hands, their reverence for it is very greatly abated. They hold at present, or may think that they hold, certain methods of bringing out the reserves of organized force outside the law and constitution, and these reserves they will try rather than take a fall at the first bout with organized labor. It is in view of the danger created by this temper of mind that the probable effect of the success of triumphant illegality in South Africa is to be regretted by those who hope for order and continuity in the advance of British democracy.

The Nation.

THE SILLY SIDE.

An Anglican Bishop (was it not Creighton?) said that it was his sad fate to be obliged to contemplate the silly side of every good movement. All movements which create enthusiasm have their silly side. The enthusiasm of fools is silliness; nevertheless their enthusiasm sometimes makes them of considerable use to the cause upon which they bring ridicule. The silly side of missionary enterprise, as it is illustrated in certain anecdotes and leaflets, might well drive a wise Bishop to distraction. It must be agony of mind to such a man to contemplate the silly side of what are called religious revivals, although he may be quite convinced that such revivals have saved the soul of the country. It is a peculiar and very unbearable form of pain which goes on under a surface sense of amusement. The silly side is always funny. The ridiculous and the tragic have many meeting-places. The sad thing is that the silly side is generally so showy. Very bright are the colors of the ludicrous. The wayfaring man stops to look at them, laughs, and looks no further. It is not easy to get an Englishman to think if he has begun by laughing. Civilized man is something of a humanitarian, but he is also something of a satirist. Humanitarianism is terribly hampered by its silly side. The silly side of a propaganda he is not altogether prepared to repudiate catches the Englishman's eye. He throws his head back and laughs. Just occasionally, but not very often, he comes to ridicule his own laughter. The Bill making cruelty to animals penal was passed after it had been laughed at for years. John Bull has kept a record of his foolish opposition to amuse his children. "If I had a donkey what wouldn't go," &c., was a burst of laughter on the wrong side thrown into rhyme. It became a permanent and quite innocuous addition to nursery literature.

But apart from the movements which come specially before Bishops, many corporate efforts have their silly side. The struggles of the half-educated to impart a quarter of an education look—if one listens to school inspectors—dreadfully silly sometimes. Yet how tremendous, judged as a whole, has been the success of their efforts. Nearly all set amusements have a side so silly that one wonders the human race has not been ridiculed out of all hope of recreation, and expired from hard work and dullness long ago. Social aspiration is another case in point. It is without doubt one of the saving forces of the day. Most critics of manners admire it while it is seen at work only in the lower strata of society, and all philanthropists endeavor to excite it. They think it praiseworthy in the man belonging to the lowest class when he makes a superhuman effort to attain to the standard of life reached by the class next above him. The critic pats him on the back, and exhibits him to the world above and below him, saying, "See what righteous effort will accomplish!" Somewhat unreasonably, however, the critic demands that when the force of social aspiration begins to play upon the middle class it should be sternly resisted by all self-respecting people. But it is impossible to dam a great and beneficial force just when and where the critics please, or impossible without danger of catastrophe. No doubt it is in the upper strata of society that the silly side of this forward movement is most conspicuous and most contemptible. But

the wise man will look away from it. It is said that in America we may see the silly side of patriotism. From that also the good man will turn his eyes.

"The fashion" always has its silly side. Indeed, silliness is an insidious complaint, of which almost all fashions, in the lighter sense of the word, die in the end. There is no need seriously to inveigh against them; given rope enough, they must die of their own silliness. Fashions in clothes are a living example of what we have been saying, and fashions in phrases and in manners go the same way. The convulsive laughter of the Philistines kills the more outrageous fashions in art. Literary fashions die hard, especially when they are originated by men of genius. The exaggerated compliments paid by the Elizabethans live on—perhaps will never die. Great genius transforms even silliness. But the fashion for them died at last. The roughness of to-day will die too as soon as it begins to make social life disagreeable.

A vast number of sensible individuals have a "silly side." We are not talking of the madman who is said to abide in every man. This madman shows his face very often in men and women whom no one could describe as silly. Sometimes he is amusing, more often alarming, occasionally charming. He comes as a breath of the wild in the midst of civilization, but the wild is full of dangers. If we see the madman often in our sane friend, it means a certain element of caprice—it charms but it disturbs us. This element in character is often the soul of wit and the seed of chivalry. But it is so elusive as to defy analysis. It has probably existed noticeably in every man or woman who has made the world in love with him or her. It lends something of the nature of adventure to the most commonplace intercourse. Needless to say, it does not give confidence. But however we define its spell, it has nothing to do with fatuity. Fatuous silliness is something totally different, and many very sensible people have a fatuously silly streak running through their composition. At rare intervals who has not suspected such a streak in himself? Have we not all felt as though we were possessed at times by seven silly devils! It is to be hoped, however, that those more permanently afflicted are less tormented by self-consciousness. Extreme illogicality is one of the least irritating forms of silliness. Mrs. Nickleby is simply amusing. Some people's silly side is wholly composed of vanity, and that again is a forgivable kind of silliness. A good man with a vain streak in him is often touchingly aware of his vanity. He cannot let it go because it makes him happy, but now and then that wonderful passage in the *Gitanjali* of Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillan and Co.) will describe his mental sensations with awful realism:—

"I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark? I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not. He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter. He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company."

The vanity of such a man is possession. A power of self-deception is a far more disagreeable illustration of silliness than vanity. Upon some subjects—usually subjects upon which they feel keenly and personally—the minds of certain men and women are nearly impervious to facts. They delude themselves, and yet they are not quite deluded. They are able to resist the onslaughts of truth, but in their heart of hearts they know that

they are resisting. How far they are responsible it is difficult to say. They are supremely irritating. Yet it is a fearful thing to see such a one capitulate. There is nothing more pitiful than the surrender of a man who has for long defended a fancy against a fact. As we watch him we would give much that he were still able to hide behind his silliness, he is so unused to rough contact with raw truth. Perhaps this streak of silliness is nothing but a bit of belated youth. Many apparently sensible people have a touch of frivolity in their composition. Now and then at serious moments it is seen, and it jars fearfully on the beholder. Some want of sympathy makes them suddenly aware of an absurd element in a situation in which the intrusion of the absurd seems almost indecent, and they have not the sense to hold their tongues. For the moment they seem dead to all the finer feelings, but in reality the silly side is probably not more important than is a small branch of dead wood in an otherwise healthy tree. Some people confuse silliness with high spirits. They sometimes go together, but not very often. If one may say so, there is generally something serious about the worst forms of silliness. Sentimentality and high spirits are seldom combined in one character, and humor and silliness are almost incompatible.

The Spectator.

THE ORIGIN OF CLIMATIC CHANGES.

The discussion of meteorological observations shows clearly that climates undergo variations of short duration, but such records as the presence of old lake beaches and the existence of well-marked glacial moraines, and other geological evidence distinctly point to climate changes covering long intervals of time. The evidence is not sufficient to characterize the variations as periodic, but the ice ages are sufficient to point to times when the conditions reached were extreme.

What may reasonably be assumed to be the chief established facts about such extensive changes may be summed up briefly as follows:—Climatic changes were several, and probably many. Similar simultaneous changes occurred over the whole earth, or, in other words, it was warmer or colder over the whole earth simultaneously. These times of warmth or coldness were unequal in intensity and duration, and of irregular occurrence, and, lastly, they have taken place from very early, if not from the earliest geological age down to the present. Numerous theories, both probable and improbable, have been suggested from time to time to account for the origin of such world-wide changes, and while each has its advocates, perhaps only three may be said to claim attention to-day. These may be briefly stated as the Eccentricity Theory (Croll), depending on the eccentricity of the earth's orbit; the Carbon Dioxide Theory (Tyndall), based on the selective absorption and variation in amount of carbon dioxide; and thirdly, the Solar Variation Theory, on the assumption of solar changes of long duration. A new theory, which may be called "The Volcanic Dust and Solar Variation Theory," has recently been put forward by Prof. W. J. Humphreys,[1] under the guarded heading, "Volcanic dust and other factors in the production of climatic changes, and their possible relation to ice ages."

[1] Journal of the Franklin Institute. August, 1913, vol. clxxvi., No. 2, p. 131; also Bulletin of the Mount Weather Observatory, August, 1913, vol. vi., part 1, p. 1.

The author carefully points out that the idea that volcanic dust may be an important factor in the production of climatic changes is not new, but "though just how it can be so apparently has not been explained, nor has the idea been specifically supported by direct observation." He remarks also that while the pioneers regarded the presence of volcanic dust in the atmosphere as an absorbent of radiation, and so lowered the earth's temperature, modern observation suggests the opposite effect, namely, the warming of the earth's surface.

In putting forward his views of the action of dust, Prof. Humphreys proceeds first to indicate that the dust that is effective is that which is situated in the atmosphere in the isothermal region or stratosphere. He then enters into the question of the size of the particles and probable time of fall, and concludes that particles of the size 1.85 microns in diameter would take from one to three years to get back to the earth if they originally had been thrown up by a volcanic eruption.

Considering next the action of the finest and therefore most persistent dust on solar radiation, he finds that the "interception of outgoing radiation is wholly negligible in comparison with the interception of incoming solar radiation."

Prof. Humphreys now turns his attention to the observational evidence of pyrheliometric records, such readings being functions of, among other things, both the solar atmosphere and the terrestrial atmosphere. He thus introduces a curve showing smoothed values of the annual average pyrheliometric values, and compares this with sun-spot frequency values (representing solar atmospheric changes) and number of volcanic eruptions (representing terrestrial atmospheric changes). The similarity of the last-mentioned with the pyrheliometric curve leads him to write as follows: "Hence it appears that the dust in our own atmosphere, and not the condition of the sun, is the controlling factor in determining the magnitudes and times of occurrence of great and abrupt changes of insolation intensity at the surface of the earth."

The action of the dust intercepting at times as much as one-fifth of the direct solar radiation leads him to inspect earth surface temperature values to inquire whether they are below normal on such occasions. The pyrheliometric and temperature curves suggest a relationship, but, as he states, "the agreement is so far from perfect as to force the conclusion that the pyrheliograph values constitute only one factor in the determination of world temperatures." A better agreement is secured when the combined effect of insolation intensity and sun-spot influence is considered.

The author then discusses the temperature variations since 1750 as influenced by sun-spots and volcanic eruptions, and indicates that the disagreement in the curves of temperatures and sun-spots is in every important instance simultaneous with violent volcanic eruptions.

Limitations of space will not permit us to remark on his references to the action of carbon dioxide in slightly decreasing the temperature or to probable great changes in level. Enough perhaps has been said to show that Prof. Humphreys, in his interesting attempt to show "that volcanic dust must have been a factor, possibly a very important one, in the production of many, perhaps all, past climatic changes . . .," has restarted a topic which will no doubt call for criticisms and discussions from many quarters.

Nature.

THE CULT OF THE TANGO.

Those who have seen a real cake-walk danced by real negroes in its real home have found themselves obliged to present the cake and hurry away before the dance was half over. Of those (and they are not many) who have seen a real tango danced by real Argentines, the majority will tell you that the dancers were not high in the social scale, nor, perhaps, in the scale of virtue. Every tango now being danced on the London stage is, as each separate advertisement is very careful to assure us, the "real" tango; yet behind them all there appears to be a yet more real tango—shall we say the ideal tango, of which we cave-dwellers see but the shadow? And the ideal tango seems to be no more a drawing-room dance than are those savage dances of which students like *Mr. Havelock Ellis* have collected details—dances of which even the "real" cake-walk is but a shadow. After watching the tango as danced on the stage or in the ball-room, public or private, he would be a bold or a very strict-minded man who could declare that it was an immodest or an indecent dance. As danced on the stage it seems to lack swing, rhythm, fluidity. The dancers are rarely in time with the music; they never appear, as good waltzers appear, to have the music so intimately "in the blood" that the music, and not their will, is moving their bodies. They are thinking of their legs and feet; and to think of one's legs and feet is to perform physical exercises, not to dance. In the ball-room, for one couple that seems to be at ease, six couples are obviously ill at ease. With bowed heads and stooping shoulders, they keep anxious eyes fixed on laborious toes. They are counting steps and reckoning figures. Of the joy of dancing—of moving rhythmically to music in perfect concord with a person of the opposite sex, with the head in air and the mind free of aught but the pleasure of music and motion—the ball-room tango-dancer patently feels nothing. So far from being indecent or immodest, the ball-room tango is ungainly, ridiculous, and dull.

Its hold upon modern society, however, is not hard to explain. We have reached again a moment at which the pursuit of pleasure is approved. The pursuit of pleasure is one of the most sensible things to which the mind of man can give itself; for, though the moralists dwell on the difference between pleasure and happiness, the normal man finds that the greater part of his happiness arises from pleasure. Yet the rhythm of life never brings to the surface the same thing twice in the same form. The pleasure of the Regency, we should imagine, must have been a grosser and more brutal pleasure than that of the Restoration; as the pleasure of the Restoration was more partial and physical than the pleasure of *Elizabeth's* day. About twenty years ago English pleasure reached the summit of a peculiarly disagreeable phase. Pleasure was admitted to be wrong, and was cultivated with an affectation of bravery. People wrote with a smirk of "sin," to which they gave a capital initial letter; and the secret of pleasure was to do something which you knew to be wrong. To-day we have passed beyond that stage. We honestly believe that pleasure is not bad, but good—a thing worth having for its own sake, no less than as a source of vitality and strength and as a sweetener of life. We believe it to be natural, and sincerely hold that what is natural

cannot be evil. And yet we seem to be no nearer than twenty years ago to the understanding of what is, for ourselves, natural. We import our nature. We turn for it to the negro, the South American, the ancient Greek, the modern New Yorker. With a country densely populated by fairies and goblins and sprites and elves, we make plays and ballets out of dryads and nymphs and Olympians. With a climate all our own, we adapt our women's dresses to lands of clear air and sunshine. With a hundred dances that grew out of the English temperament and the English soil (and a dozen scholars to collect and restore them for us), we toil wearily round our ball-rooms in lumpish imitations of modes of self-expression that are not, and never can be, our own. Whether we like it or not, we are English. To be English is not to be a clown or a kill-joy. European nations have learned that, if we are quiet, we are not gloomy. We are passionate lovers, and eager seekers for pleasure. But we are not "hot-blooded Southerners," or orgiastic negroes, or volatile New Yorkers, or "pagan" Greeks. And when, instead of trusting quite simply to our own natures, we import nature from elsewhere, we lose its worth and its meaning on the way and make ourselves laboriously grotesque for nothing. The waltz has held its own for a hundred years because, though of foreign origin, it suits the English temperament—dreamy, romantic, sentimental. We know and like its meaning. Doubtless, in its native country, the tango has a meaning; but it is not one that can be expressed in an English ball-room. Like our farces from the French, the ball-room tango hints at what it dare not say, and involves its votaries at once in dullness and pretence.

The Times.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Revolt of Democracy,"—a monograph of less than one hundred pages,—is the last appeal of its author, the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, for a clearer understanding of the claims and needs of the modern wage-earner and a more generous public response to them. Some of the measures which he advocated, for example, the regular distribution of free bread to all who ask for it, will seem to conservative minds better calculated to encourage pauperism than industry; but, if only as a brief summary of the conditions which are back of the prevailing labor unrest in England and elsewhere, and the appalling privations to which millions of wage-earners are subject, the little book has its value. The life-story of Dr. Wallace is told by James Marchant in the opening pages; and it is a strong but benignant face which looks up at the reader from the portrait which forms the frontispiece. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The key-note of Harold Begbie's "The Crisis of Morals" is found in the utterance of an Eastern seer which he quotes more than once: "Where women are honored, the Divinities are complacent: where they are despised, it is useless to pray to God." The dominant purpose of this book, which is written with almost passionate vehemence, is to exalt womanhood, to enforce the truth that purity is natural and impurity unnatural, and to urge, as a remedy for the evils which afflict

modern society,—lightness, materialism and sensualism—a change in the attitude of men toward women, and a recognition of the holiness of womanhood and motherhood. Mr. Begbie writes with an earnestness and a concentration of purpose which might make his views seem extreme to any one who is not familiar with the extent to which the evils against which he writes have permeated society; but to those who do understand existing conditions this book will appeal as a summons to concerted action for social regeneration and uplift. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Something new in verse, spontaneous, passionate, unmindful of conventions in form and theme is to be found within the slender volume which takes its title from the opening poem "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" by Nicholas Vachell Lindsay (Mitchell Kennerley, publisher). There are verses in the book that are crude enough, and some that are trivial, but such poems as "The Drunkards in the Street," "The Trap," "Honor Among Scamps" and "Sweet Briars of the Stairways" have a sincerity and a human sympathy which make them better worth while than a great deal of more finished verse. Here is a characteristic poem:

O great heart of God,
Once vague and lost to me,
Why do I throb with your throb tonight,
In this land, eternity?

O little heart of God,
Sweet intruding stranger,
You are laughing in my human breast,
A Christ-child in a manger.

Heart, dear heart of God,
Beside you now I kneel,
Strong heart of faith. O heart not mine,
Where God has set His seal.
Wild thundering heart of God
Out of my doubt I come,
And my foolish feet with prophets' feet,
March with the prophets' drum.

Memories of Robinson Crusoe, Peter Wilkins, and Charles Reade's "Foul Play" throng upon one as one looks at the pictures in Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady's "The Island of the Stairs." A little later, as one reads and discovers that the much beloved goat is absent from the scene, consolation comes in the shape of idols of unutterable ugliness and a dead religion with a blood-curdling ritual of human sacrifice, and cannibalism, and treasure of rich offerings, beyond Golconda and South Africa, and Mexico and Peru to equal. Along the pleasant road are mutineers to be struck down by axe, or pistol, and cocoa-palms and clothing made from sails, and a housewife as remarkable as the bag of Mrs. Robinson of the Swiss Family. The supposed writer, Master Sir John Hampdon, Seaman, kindly gives permission to anybody who would like the treasure left untouched to seek it, and the wonderful stairs, and to keep everything that he can bring away. Who's for the South Seas, latitude and longitude given on a good little map, and nobody to say him nay? Mr. Brady's story encourages instant departure. It is only for the maid to find the man and the man to discover the maid. If before that happens the reader returns to the light of common day he has at least had some happy hours with "The Kinneys'" illustrations and Mr. Brady's story. The veteran author has not lost his cunning. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Few novels have only a quest to serve them as plot, and fewer still admit the fact in their titles. But Jack London has apparently left the land of pure fiction, burning his bridges be-

hind him with "John Barleycorn," and plunged into that semi-autobiographical zone where the laws of literary form are not recognized and from which so much treasure has been brought back. "The Valley of the Moon" could hardly be called treasure, but it is a very readable book. Big Bill Roberts, teamster and, of course, prizefighter, and his wife, go through a big strike in Oakland and are broken by it, financially, physically, and emotionally. Remembering that their parents were among the pioneers who crossed the prairies to settle the state, they divide their portable goods into two kits and take to the road, with the intention of settling down on a farm as soon as they discover their ideal Valley. The last half of the book follows their wanderings north and south, and east and west. After exhaustive investigations of the agricultural methods of men, women, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, and Dalmatians,—relieved by numerous abalone feasts and boxing matches with colonies of exuberant Bohemians,—they settle down in the perfect valley and become incredibly prosperous in the briefest possible time. It is a sort of "Robinson Crusoe" of California. Like all novels which have been thoroughly domesticated and set to burden-bearing like other literature, it lacks the keenest sympathy with its characters as individuals; and unlike most of them, its sympathy with them as victims of society is not an adequate substitute. Like most of Mr. London's books, it suffers from a tiresome repetition of three or four catch-phrases,—in this case "silk" and "prettiest" and "man-boy,"—and from a flood of profanity. One begins to wonder if there is really some insidious poison in clean, straightforward English which destroys the "red blood" of those who use it. Yet in spite of this, and in spite of the rambling of the narrative, the lasting impression of the book is that its fresh, wholesome atmosphere is worth the hours it cost to read it. The Macmillan Co.

Horatio M. Pollock, Ph.D., and William S. Morgan, Ph.D., joint authors of "Modern Cities" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) have made an important and valuable contribution to the solution of one of the most pressing problems of modern life,—that of city planning, housing and administration. Both of the authors have been associated in activities for civic betterment, and both have studied closely present-day conditions in European and American cities. There has been of late years a remarkable awakening of the public conscience in America upon these and associated questions. But there is need of enlightenment as to what is practicable and of concentration of effort to bring it to pass. There is public sentiment enough, but it needs wise direction to turn it into the right channels and to prevent overlapping and waste of energy. This book goes far to supply these needs and it might well be taken up as a text-book by civic reformers and philanthropists. It takes up every phase of the subject,—city planning, home planning, the laying out and care of city streets, the value of parks, the conservation of human life, municipal government, the regulation of public utilities, education, the relation of religion to municipal life, the regulation of the social evil, and conditions and methods of civic progress. The authors would be the last to claim that this volume says the last word upon all these questions; but it does bring together the fruits of wide experience and observation and its suggestions are wise and practical. The dozen or more illustrations are useful as exhibits of what has already been achieved or begun in the way of municipal improvement.